JOHN BULL, JULY 29, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1415.

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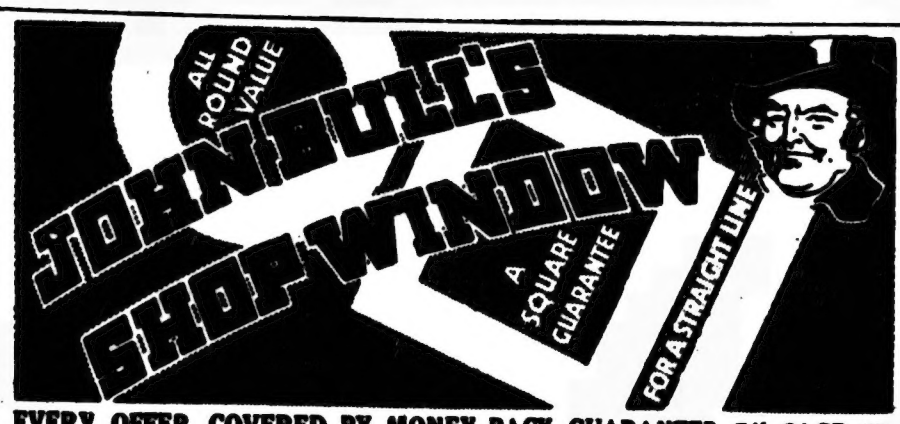

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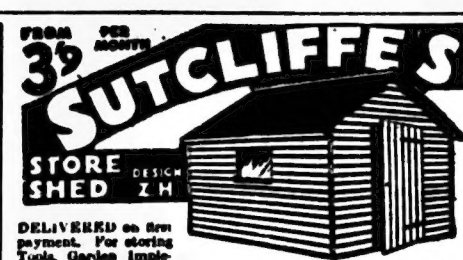

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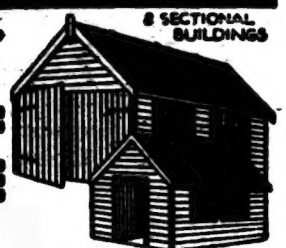

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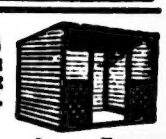

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The LITTLE TOWN of TERROR

YOU would think it incredible that in this England of 1933 thousands of people are living in constant fear of their lives—in daily dread that a deadly epidemic may suddenly break out among them.

Yet that is what is happening to-day in the Little Town of the Great Terror—Malton, in Yorkshire.

Worse than that—in many other Maltons, too. Towns and villages up and down the country where the inhabitants know very well that it is mere luck, and not foresight, that saves them from waking up one morning to find a fearful scourge like typhoid raging in their midst.

We don't wish to be alarming, but this is no exaggerated picture of the plague that may descend upon them. Indeed, it did, with appalling results that are still fresh in the public memory, descend upon Malton last autumn.

The whole country was on that occasion shocked by the story of the typhoid disaster that befell the little Yorkshire town, striking down no fewer than 300 of its population of 4,000, and costing twenty-seven of them their lives.

The survivors, if they can find the words to do so, will tell you how during the peak of that calamity every hour brought the alarm of fresh cases and the sinister sight of the ambulance at another door; every day the sorrowful news of further fatalities.

That was nearly a year ago. We would have thought that by now such a wholesale and avoidable slaughter would have taught the Ministry of Health and the responsible local authorities an unforgettable lesson. But nothing of the sort.

Without Fear or Favour

True, the Ministry, in face of the publicity given to this crying scandal, got busy—up to a point. Its experts made the obvious discovery that the devastating epidemic was due to a defect in the town's drainage system, causing the deadly typhoid germs to filter into the water supply. So much so that the water-tap became a potential death-trap in every kitchen.

But all the Ministry did was to *suggest* that a certain new water supply should be tapped, leaving the local council free to argue in favour of tapping another.

PLANS were put forward, but were apparently not worth the paper they were written and designed on. *Not one of them has to this day been put into effect by both parties.* All that resulted was the adoption of the temporary expedient of drawing water from a near-by district—a palliative and not a cure.

Surely last year's tragedy was warning enough that what occurred then may occur again at any moment, especially at this time of the year. A drought or a heat wave may mean nothing more to most of us than the passing of a casual remark about the weather and the shedding of a few clothes. To the men and women and children of Malton it may be a life-and-death matter.

But the lesson of Malton dates back much farther than last year.

For the last sixty years fever epidemics have gone on recurring there. Away back in 1892 a Government doctor warned the authorities that prevention of such epidemics depended entirely on the vigilance of the local surveyor, and permanent steps to protect the inhabitants from disease were recommended.

That was over forty years ago, but Malton still lives in fear—just waits to be stricken again.

Now Malton is battling against disaster of a different kind. Its very tragedy has branded it with a bad name. It is, in the eyes of many people, a tainted town. They avoid it as they would the Plague.

Last year its inhabitants were dying of typhoid. To-day its trade is dying through the inability of the Ministry of Health and the local council to make up their minds on some plan that will remove the stigma which has labelled it "The Stricken Town."

Farmers have taken their stock and produce elsewhere, neglecting the market, which is only now regaining something of its former prosperity. Motorists, who would bring custom, avoid the place whenever they can.

Traders complain that their business has suffered, workers that they have lost their jobs. And, as if to add insult to injury, they are having to meet an increase of 3s. 2d. in the £ on their rates to pay for the cost of last year's epidemic.

JOHN BULL takes up the cudgels on behalf of little Malton, not only because we admire its Yorkshire grit and fortitude, in face of the blight that has fallen upon it, but because the scandal behind its grim misfortunes is a nation-wide one.

It is by no means the only place in this country where ancient methods of sanitation and treacherous water supplies are an ever-present danger to the lives of tens of thousands of small town and village dwellers.

They, too, are the long-suffering victims of the interminable delays that result from the failure of the authorities to sweep away conditions that belong more to the Middle Ages than to to-day.

We say emphatically that a health survey of the whole countryside is urgently needed to prevent a repetition of disasters like that of Malton. And where it is found that life itself is at stake the Ministry of Health should give orders, not argue.

SO let it, to begin with, take another look at Malton, and get on with its job as the guardian of the nation's health.

And while it is providing for the nation's health it will also be providing jobs for the unemployed and striking a blow at misguided economy—that other plague which is bringing destitution and hardship to countless homes throughout Britain to-day.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

What Lies Behind Lord Trenchard's Big Sweep

WHATEVER one may think of Lord Trenchard's police reforms, there is no doubt as to the uncompromising way in which he is tackling them.

But the forthcoming exit of senior men at Scotland Yard will not be so great a surprise to JOHN BULL readers as it has been to most people.

As long ago as March, 1932, we published an article entitled "No Longer a Big Five," in which we predicted most of the police changes that have happened since. But more to come.

His motives

Lord Trenchard is determined to make a really big sweep. Though aged 60 himself, he is determined that youth shall have a try-out. That is why Superintendents Savage and Cornish, of the Big Five, and so many other highly-placed officers are going, despite their distinguished service.

Many of them will be succeeded, not by officers who might expect promotion by virtue of long service and seniority, but by younger men. Whether these will justify Lord Trenchard's experiment remains to be seen.

Grave complaints

There is another matter that is exercising the attention of the Commissioner.

We can reveal that he has received grave complaints regarding the conduct of certain officers. They are being fully investigated. The recent sensational prosecutions of police officers show that he will not hesitate to take drastic action if he thinks it necessary.

In this matter he will be assured of the public support, however much some other aspects of his policy may be disliked

A warning

Meanwhile we have the greatest sympathy with the rank and file of the Metropolitan Police Force in this period of upheaval. No wonder that they "don't know where they are" amid all this Trenchard bomb-throwing.

It will be a national calamity if dissatisfaction and discontent are allowed to become rife in such a fine body of men.

Has Lord Trenchard thought of this?

Death stalks abroad

How much longer are death-dealing drugs to be sold to anyone who cares to ask for them?

Accidental death—suicide—even murder—are made perilously easy by the apathy of officialdom in this matter.

That was proved by the recent inquest on a London woman who died from an overdose of a sleeping draught which is so rapidly absorbed by the body that it leaves hardly a trace after death. Indeed, if examination is delayed it cannot be traced at all.

Deadly poisons for all

What a weapon for a crafty murderer!

Yet anyone can stroll into a chemist's shop and buy a lethal dose of this terrible drug No doctor's prescription is necessary—the law is satisfied if the purchaser merely signs the poison register.

There are many other drugs, equally deadly, equally sinister, which can be bought as easily.

Is this loophole in the law to be allowed to remain—to make more dope addicts and cause still more deaths?

Britain doesn't matter

That is a question on which depends life or death for many people Here is another which affects the lives and hopes of millions—Do Britons really matter?

We ask because £2,000,000 of British money has been sent to Palestine, £27,000,000 to Australia, £3,000,000 to Austria, and further loans are being considered for other countries.

Yet we are told by Mr Runciman that no money can be spared to find work for our unemployed millions. And for all their airy talk about making war on the slums Ministers are holding back.

He's right

They need a little of the commonsense of Canon Mitchell, of Leeds, who has been reproving the city fathers there.

For Leeds has built a new Civic Hall at a cost of £300,000. Of course, that provided work, but Canon Mitchell thinks the money would have been better spent in clearing slums. So do we.

There are 72,000 back-to-back houses in the city—and one of its vicars testifies that cattle are better housed than a great number of Leeds citizens.

Tragedy

Now listen to the medical officer at Stockton-on-Tees, who tells how the death-rate has risen by 50 per cent. among those slum-dwellers who were removed a few years ago to model dwellings.

Why? Because these poor people have had to deprive themselves of nourishing food in order to pay their new and higher rent!

Let us clear the slums by all means, but let us build in their place homes that the people can afford to live in.

At present our rulers are doing neither.

An idleness tragedy

If only they would get busy and spend British money in helping the British unemployed and destroying British slums, we should hear of fewer tragedies like that of William Elspeth, of South Wales.

He has been unemployed for three years. His father has not done a day's work since 1926. Now, for stealing coal from a train, young William has been rewarded with three months' hard work—in jail.

We know that he must pay for his misdeeds. But we doubt if he would have stolen coal from a railway train if he had been in work.

Fishy

We hear a strange story from Fleetwood, where there is an arrangement that if a trawler reaches port after a certain time its catch must not be sold till next day.

But the fish brought in by one boat on the morning tide had to be sold at once as, owing to the hot weather, it would not keep fresh for another twenty-four hours. Yet 250 wholesale fish merchants boycotted it and landing facilities were withdrawn.

What was the object—to make housewives pay more or to see that they couldn't get fresh fish?

Back to front

Anyway, Lord Kinnoull has been telling the House of Lords that though mackerel sell at fivepence each in London, they are ten a penny at the ports.

We have constantly called attention to similar disparities. Yet the Minister for Agriculture is restricting supplies and forcing up retail prices.

We should have thought that if those prices had been reduced instead, the housewife would buy more and the men in the fleets would get more work.

A judge's mercy

We have sometimes applauded Mr. Justice Charles' merciless treatment of gunmen. The recent case of the police constable who was charged with perjury

It's Safe to Horsewhip a Boy!

A Judge's Wise Mercy

Whether Commissionaire Trenchard's experiment in Youth will succeed remains to be seen

shows how kindly this judge can be when he thinks kindness is justified.

The officer had stated that he personally served a summons when he had in fact merely left it at the offender's house. For which he found himself in the dock. In discharging him, the judge expressed the hope that the officer's career would not be prejudiced. If it was, the facts were to be reported to him.

We hope the constable's superiors will take the hint.

On his honour

Then the judge had before him a young man who had several previous convictions for housebreaking.

But the evidence showed that he had been trying to go straight, and only lapsed because other men pestered him into returning to crime.

The judge mercifully bound him over; the offender promised to report to him if any other attempt was made to drag him back to evildoing.

Thank you, Mr. Justice Charles!

Friend in need

We should like to thank, too, the smartly dressed woman who, taking her children for a walk, came across an injured miner on the beach at Ryhope.

He had slipped on a rock, broken a wrist, and fainted. The woman took him unaided to a beach hut, tore her silk petticoat into bandages, improvised splints from boxwood and then, after getting assistance, left without revealing her name.

A small incident in the crowded scenes of life, but one that compels more than a moment's admiration.

Knightly

And as the tramp seldom gets a good word from anyone, let us continue with this story of two unknown roadsters.

Near Kettering, they found an overturned car with its driver bleeding to death Quickly they applied a tourniquet so skilfully that his life was undoubtedly saved.

When medical aid arrived, they moved on—waiting for neither thanks nor reward—two real Knights of the Road.

Thus says the law

It was with very different feelings that we read of the Barry magistrates' action in condemning a dog to death because it had bitten a boy.

After the court hearing, it was disclosed that the boy was bitten while the dog was defending her puppies. But the magistrates refused to alter their decision because the proper appeal had not been lodged within seven days, and the dog was duly destroyed.

We hope they soon learn that British justice depends on something more than the mere letter of the law.

Two years' torture

But we can congratulate the Barnsley Bench in meting out the maximum sentence in another dog case.

The wretched animal had been kept in a cellar and hadn't seen daylight for two years. Its condition was such that it had to be destroyed, and its owner was sent to jail for three months.

If that meant solitary confinement in a darkened cell it wouldn't be too severe.

The place for ruffians

Another man fit for jail is a Liverpool labourer, Harry Lavery.

When he went to join one of the racial fights so common in that city, he armed himself with a brick in either hand. He ended his day's amusement by savagely kicking a policeman.

Guess what happened to him.

A mere fine of 40s. on each of two charges!

Soft words

Then there is Harry Melrose Britton, of Whalley Farm, near Manchester, who horsewhipped an eight-year-old boy for trespassing on his land.

When he was taken to court by the indignant father, the magistrates merely remarked that he shouldn't whip boys in this way and dismissed the case.

Only they will wonder why the father then rushed at Britton and had to be restrained by four policemen.

Still lucky

Strange, too, is the case of Lady Aline Barnett, who has just been fined £40.

A pretty heavy penalty, certainly, but it was for driving a car without reasonable consideration for other persons and failing to give her name and address after an accident. And she had seventeen previous convictions!

What we can't understand is why she is still allowed to drive.

Never say die

If a doctor ever tells you that you are in a bad way, cheer yourself up by thinking of Chief Petty Officer Aldred.

He was told that he had only a few days to live and was advised to take his pension in a lump sum. He refused—and he lived to draw that pension for 45 years. Now he has died aged 87.

So, once again, the never-say-die policy has been amply justified.

One man, two jobs

Should head-teachers of day schools earning £500 a year be given charge of night schools?

We agree with Alderman Richardson, of Liverpool, that they should not, and we think it a scandal that Liverpool has appointed five such applicants.

Surely there are plenty of unemployed teachers, now bravely enduring hardship, who are capable of looking after a night school?

War pensions disgrace

As for the pensions hardships of ex-Service men, we are tired of calling attention to them. So, while we are pleased to publish in this issue an article on the Prince of Wales' Legion Book Fund, we say frankly that this excellent fund should be unnecessary.

We believe that the men who are disabled by war injuries should be adequately cared for by the State. And so does everyone else—except some of our rulers.

Sharp business

Now let us say a word about that curious organisation the Post Office.

Every telephone user must pay a deposit on his instrument when it is installed. Because a London man had to send many foreign cables by telephone during the last quarter, owing to the illness of a relative, he has been charged £6 10s. "additional deposit."

Is that the way to encourage use of the telephone?

"As he talks the gleam of battle lights up his eye"—L. G. and Ernest Hunter photographed at the Churt breakfast-table

by Ernest E. HUNTER

LLOYD GEORGE

A DROWSY summer day in the House of Commons. The debate drags listlessly on. M.P.s talk dreary platitudes to empty benches. No one seems to care. Nothing seems to matter. . . .

From the shadows behind the Speaker's Chair a plump, comfortable figure slides unobtrusively on to the Front Opposition Bench. A jolly-looking man in a light suit, with his white hair falling untidily over his collar—but about him an indefinable air of something, a feeling that he is there by long-established right.

An electric wave runs through the jaded House. "L. G is here!" Members whisper. "Is he going to speak to-day?" The word passes round the corridors. Sleepy reporters in the Press Gallery sit up and take notice.

What is the secret magic of this old, solitary war-horse, who can still stir Westminster to its depths—this veteran, once the unquestioned master of the House of Commons, the all-powerful dictator of his country, the leader of all Parties, who now sits alone in his pride, with no Party behind him at all, except his own children?

I first saw Lloyd George many, many years ago, riding the storm at the Queen's Hall during a pro-Boer meeting. Beneath the platform surged a raging crowd of stockbrokers' clerks, waving Union Jacks, making charge upon charge in their determination to drag L. G. down and wreck the meeting.

Above the din, Labouchere on one side, Dillon on the other, Lloyd George strode the platform, jibing at the wreckers, infuriating them with his brilliant sallies, standing his ground until the stewards had finally driven the invaders, hatless, coatless and bleeding, from the hall.

No more haters

I SAW him again the other day down at his country retreat in Churt—still his own imperious self. The spare form has broadened out, the man has mellowed with the passing years; but from beneath the calm the old brilliance still flashes out in sparkling metaphor—the old warhorse still listens for the call to charge.

"There's no guts in politics to-day," he told me. "No one hates anybody."

We were talking of the great fight to put the 1909 Budget on the Statute Book, of the days when his Limehouse speeches drove dukes and duchesses to apoplectic fury, when City men nearly choked with rage every time his name was mentioned.

"A friend of mine," he said, "mixed with the great crowds in the streets when King Edward died. He met a Tory M.P., and commented on the immense throng of people.

"'Yes,' replied the M.P.; 'but it is nothing like the crowd of people there would be if we were hanging Lloyd George!'"

L. G. chuckled as he told the story. He loved those days, when, on platform, in Parliament, and in the Cabinet, he had to face the onslaught of "Society" and Big Finance.

As he grows older he marches steadily back to his early Radicalism. He is convinced there will be no progress until the nation has tackled the power of the bankers, which he believes is strangling the community to death.

"I warned Ramsay MacDonald," he said, "that unless he faced the bankers they would destroy the Labour Ministry."

"And they did," was his grim comment.

He was consistent. When Mr. MacDonald went to Churt to offer him a place in the National Government, he refused without hesitation. He would not serve under a Premier who was not ready to challenge the authority of Big Finance.

That headache!

THERE is an amusing story of that visit. Ramsay arrived, all hot and bothered, to enlist the old man's aid.

"And how are you, MacDonald?" asked L. G.

"Not so bad," answered the weary Titan, passing his hand over his brow, "but I'm having dreadful headaches."

"I know," said L. G. sympathetically. "I used to have them during the war."

"But they couldn't have been like mine," retorted Ramsay.

Whatever else may be said of L. G., self-pity is not one of his vices. Few men of this generation take so bravely the bludgeonings of Fate.

Sir Herbert Samuel went down to Churt to take counsel. He returned to London, after talking with his old chief, determined not to join the National Government. The next day he went over bag and baggage to the enemy.

L. G. did not sit down and moan, but he has never forgotten. Deserted and alone, he set to work to build up again his shattered political fortunes. And who but can admire his fortitude when the main stream of politics swept him aside? Against an almost irresistible tide he still fights on. . . .

He has tremendous reserves of strength. No one who heard him when he made his "come-back" after the operation which lays most men on the shelf altogether, can forget the triumphant abandon with which he returned to public life.

One great advantage he has, and that is the blessed gift of peace. He can take a nap anywhere and any time, and wake refreshed for the work in hand.

Another priceless boon is his genius for irresponsible fun. Nothing does more to keep him young. He is an incomparable mimic, and if his life had not been turned to politics, he might nave become one of the world's greatest laughter-makers.

The tale is still told of the time when Lady Astor invited him and Charlie Chaplin to one of her parties. The tables were completely turned. While Charlie insisted on discussing the intricacies of the Douglas credit scheme, L. G. sent the whole company into delirious amusement by his life-like imitations of his contemporaries.

What will history write of Lloyd George?

Round the Great War chapter of his life controversy must always range. The two schools of thought are irrevocably opposed. Those who hold that Britain should never have been involved will find against L. G. for going over to the War Party and destroying the possibility of an effective, and possibly successful, opposition to our intervention.

Those who hold that the war was inevitable and just will say that L. G.'s determining action was the crown of his career. Once the die was cast, it is indubitable that his boundless energy and irrepressible spirit was one of the main factors in carrying the nation through to the bitter end.

And after the war, the Peace. Here, again, history must judge as to whether the Versailles Treaty was forced upon him by circumstances beyond his control, or whether, with his eye on the war-inflamed electorate, Lloyd George did not allow political expediency to override the lessons of history and his own better judgment.

On the credit side, beyond a doubt, is the work he did in laying the foundation of our great social services and of placing National Health and Unemployment Insurance upon the Statute Book.

At the bidding of economaniacs, these beneficent institutions have been assailed and mutilated, but no one can rob Lloyd George of the glory for their inception.

And to him the credit goes for the quick, intuitive judgment which saw that the great slump of 1929 and onwards could only be met by national planning, as in times of war emergency—and by a stern refusal to listen to the antediluvian advice of Montagu Norman and the Bank of England.

Above all, he believes that the salvation of Britain lies in the re-discovery of its own land. In the peopling of derelict acres and a great agricultural renaissance, Lloyd George sees the best chance of conquering the depression.

Down at Churt he practises what he preaches. I arrived in a downpour. "I like this rain," was his greeting. "You see, I'm a farmer now."

Battle-gleam . . .

AT dinner he presses upon you the products of his own estate with the pride of a creator. Honey, buttermilk and nectarines are his special joys.

Out in the grounds he will take you to see the Lloyd George raspberry canes, overladen with "rare and refreshing fruit," and point with impish glee to the Baldwin species not nearly so good!

Back in the house, he will sit and talk of the past and present, and look far into the future.

The growth of dictatorship he puts down to the timidity of the progressive parties in the world, who have been too frightened to put their faith to the test.

And as he talks the gleam of battle lights up his eye—his hand shoots out as if to give an order; but there is no one to obey—only a room of great memories.

His motto might well be those fine words of George Meredith: "Though life be torn and streaming like the flag of battle, it must be onward to the end."

Ridding Mankind

DOWN a leafy country lane near Mill Hill, the red-brick Middlesex township, more famous for its public school than anything else, is a farm you wouldn't look at twice.

Standing behind a rather trim wooden fence it has the appearance of being unusually well kept in these days of acute agricultural depression. But apart from that there is nothing to suggest it is in any way out of the ordinary.

If a herd of cattle were to stroll out of its gates or a milkmaid appear at one of its windows, it would be just what you would expect. There is certainly nothing about it to elevate it one whit over the typical English farmsteads of which it appears to be one.

Yet the eyes of doctors everywhere are on Salvation Farm, as one might well call it. And the world has more to hope from it, at the moment, than from any gilded palace in the universe.

Secret revealed

Here, throughout many months of fluctuating fortune, a battle royal has been fought with that world-wide enemy of mankind—Influenza, a worse slayer than war throughout the centuries in which it has puzzled medical science.

And although the workers within the walls of this farmstead cannot lay claim to complete victory as yet, it is epoch-making news that 'Flu has at last been compelled to surrender the first grim secret ever wrested from it.

Ferrets have been given human influenza—sixty-four ferrets, to be exact—though medical science, until this discovery was recently made, had no idea that any animal could contract it.

Ferrets have also been made to pass it on to other ferrets, which is another point a thousand times more important-sounding to the medical than the non-medical mind.

And, what is still more epoch-making, human serums obtained from influenza patients, particularly convalescents, have been used with advantage in curing the ferret disease, so promising that in the not-far-distant future there will be a vaccine which, it is believed, will wipe out human influenza.

Ferrets, indeed! Whoever thought that they might play a part, as seems probable, in wiping out a scourge that ravaged the armies of Napoleon when no other army could, crippled impregnable fleets, took a heavier toll of human life in a few months in 1918 than the Great War did in four years?

Now—although medical science itself is reluctant to venture into the realm of prophecy—nobody will be surprised if influenza is banished from the world one day as a result of this fight against it on a Middlesex farm.

It has been a stern fight.

On the one hand, a disease about which most of our knowledge has been based on misconception; a scourge that can swamp a continent or sweep round the world in six weeks, travelling relentlessly along every line of human intercourse and paying no heed to race, climate, or season.

On the other hand, three research workers—Doctors P. P. Laidlaw, Wilson Smith, and C. H. Andrewes. All are comparatively young men. Their leader and the eldest of them, Dr. Laidlaw, is a stalwart, dark-haired man of middle-age, who looks as if he might be just as successful in a gymnasium as in a laboratory.

Long struggle

The story of their triumph really goes back some two or three years.

Dr. Laidlaw, with another expert, Major Duncan, was trying to solve what seemed to be the almost impossible problem of finding an anti-serum for distemper in dogs—as baffling a disease as influenza in human beings.

Behind their work was the National Institute of Medical Research, at the supreme head of which is the Privy Council. The Institute owns Mill Hill farm, and it was here that the experts were sent in the ordinary course of events to pursue their researches into the cure of dog distemper. Because this work was to lead them eventually on to the right lines in influenza research it is interesting to watch what happened.

They had at their disposal what were probably the finest kennels in the world. Sixty fine specimens of dogs of different breeds were there, and, for the reassurance of those who detest anything in the nature of experimental operations on animals, it can be said that every one of the animals represented at least the sixth generation of germ-free dogs, and that the aim and purpose was to keep them germ free.

"A dog has to have it" we say of distemper. Think of six generations free from it, and you will see how untrue it is.

Two young kennel maids in charge of the dogs were locked away in the compound in which the kennels were contained, living what was almost the lives of nuns. Their food was handed to them through hatches. Any books or other such comforts they might want were passed on in the same way, after they had been duly disinfected.

They had to go out sometimes to visit friends and relations, of course. But on the comparatively rare occasions when they did so, they had to leave their stable clothes in one room of a hut, bathe in another, change into outdoor dress in a third, and reverse the process on their return.

They didn't know it at the time, but they were destined to play a part in one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age.

The dog distemper research was a triumph. For the first time an anti-virus was discovered—mankind's greatest gift to his truest animal friends. And in the work that led to that end, the scientists made use of their humble field animal, the ferret.

Turning-point

Research workers do not stand still for long. The moment distemper was conquered, Dr. Laidlaw turned his attention to influenza, with the brilliant help of Dr. Wilson Smith and Dr. C. H. Andrewes. And as their work progressed they found more and more similarities between swine influenza, distemper, and human influenza.

The great turning-point came in their work when they turned to the ferrets they had used in their distemper researches, and so hit on the great discovery which has now been announced.

Taking two of the ferrets from their boxes in the grounds into the laboratories, they infected them with influenza through the nose and the skin. Then they watched, and waited anxiously, for on the question of whether or not two ferrets contracted the complaint with which they had been infected depended the success or failure of this new line of research.

Disappointing apes

If they did not contract it, it was going to be a cruel blow, a grave set-back. The reason is that one of the greatest difficulties with which 'flu research workers have always been faced is that they have never been able to find an animal which would contract human influenza.

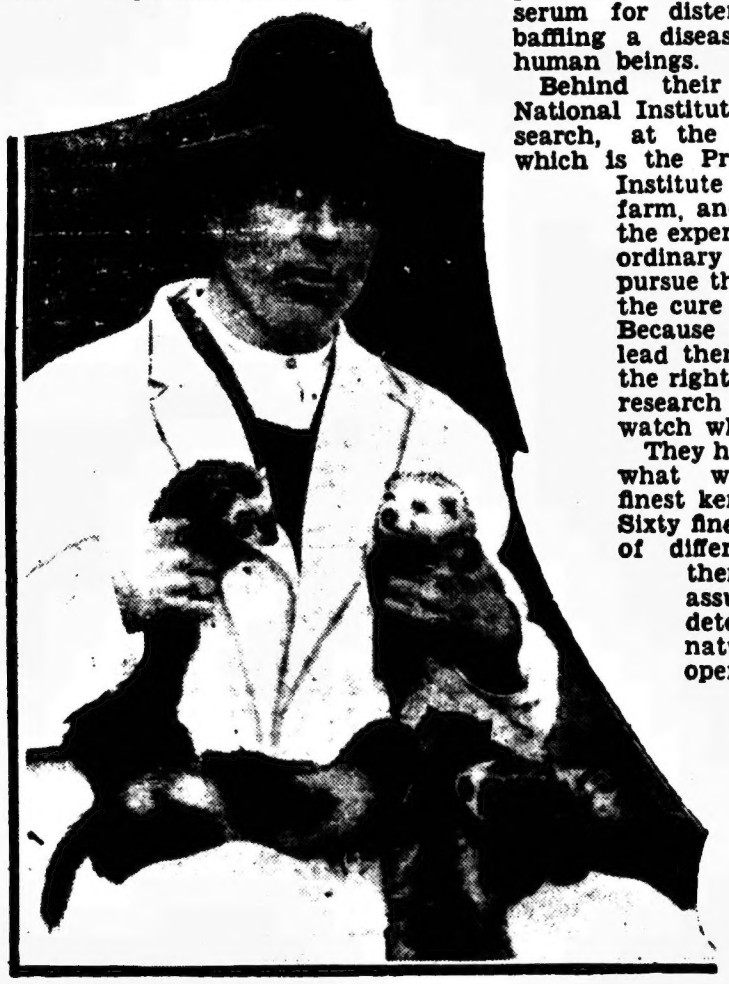
Experiments on human beings, with the ever-present danger that it will cost human lives, has always been more or less out of the question, although this has been tried on a very limited and ineffective scale.

Then influenza epidemics, which rarely last more than two and a half months, are of too short duration for a great deal to be learned from them.

One of the last hopes of the laboratory workers had been the higher ape, and he had failed them. It was a cruel disappointment when they found that even the chimpanzee could inhale millions of what the man in the street calls "'flu germs" without showing any sign of discomfort.

There was hardly an animal left to which they could turn for their further experiments.

Then the doctors watching by the



When their beady little eyes began to water hope was born in the men of Mill Hill . . .

of the 'FLU FIEND—

—and THREE MEN and a FERRET May Do it

A trim farmstead in a leafy lane—and under its tiled roof a battle royal goes on: Dr. Laidlaw (right) and Major Duncan in their laboratory at "Salvation Farm"

ferret box noticed that their little patients began to look ill. Their temperatures rose. They became quiet and lethargic, just as human beings do when influenza besieges the stronghold of their bodies.

It was still too early to jump to conclusions, but the doctors watched—and hoped.

Next the little furry animals' eyes began to water. They sneezed at intervals, and their yawns became more and more frequent. The tips of their noses began to pale.

It was the 'flu without a doubt.

Still the doctors watched. For their work was not half finished. They wanted to see whether the ferrets would pass on the disorder to their little friends by mere contact; and then, of course, they wanted to see whether they could cure the disease they themselves had caused.

Well, the infected ferrets did pass on the complaint.

And now even a greater result was to come.

Antidote found

In the first place, the research workers had passed on to the ferrets infection obtained from human sufferers in the last big epidemic early this year. It had come to them on swabs provided by London doctors who were treating influenza patients.

Now the research workers wanted to see whether human serums obtained from influenza convalescents contained anti-bodies, or anti-poisons, capable of neutralising the virus of the ferret disease. They tried it—and before their eyes they saw an improvement in the condition of the ferrets.

So an anti-poison was available as far as the animal disease was concerned. That, at least, was certain.

Quick work!

The research workers found more. They took swabs and filtered the germs they contained through the finest filter. All infection was filtered away except influenza. Although they could not see the virus, even with the most powerful microscope, there it was, isolated.

This proved to them that it was really a virus and not a bacteria, and all previous beliefs about it being a bacteria were exploded.

An important point, that. A previous theory had been that the disease was produced by a stick-like bacteria, which caused all the strange and multifarious symptoms and complications to which the 'flu patient is liable.

When the doctors knew it was a virus disease, they were able to see that the whole cycle of progress of the disease was different from what they had imagined.

A virus is the sapper of disease. It attacks your constitution through the cells, and may cause the disease itself. Or it so undermines your constitution that it lays you open to all sorts of attack from bacteria.

Leaving inroads on your constitution, it brings on that depression which it is impossible to shake off. Then, through the breaches it has caused in your defence, come the bacteria to kill, or bring physical ruin, or make influenza one of the most dangerous and uncomfortable diseases of any with which doctors have to deal.

It was a race against time all through. The whole of the real work had to be done during the recent epidemic, the first ferrets being infected from swabs obtained from sufferers and the real results being known in the last week of the outbreak.

The future? Well, we must leave that to medical science. But it should not be impossible now to find an anti-body, or anti-poison, with which to combat human influenza.

That is what happened in the distemper researches. From the moment research had got to the stage already reached with influenza, it did not take long before the Mill Hill doctors found that the spleen and liver of infected animals were rich in curative serum.

Will they win?

There is one vast problem left, and it would be silly to ignore it. The research workers still view it with dismay.

It is possible for the same person to contract influenza three times, or even more, in a year. That means that any immunity granted by the disease is of short duration.

When a vaccine is found, therefore, that will prevent and cure human influenza, it will be effective as a deterrent only for a very short time, unless some other discovery enables us to improve medical practice in this respect, too.

So that there is still much to do.

It may be that the final triumph will be gained on "Salvation Farm." Even if it is not, even if the final triumph should be made abroad, the three doctors who have done such brilliant work already, and who will therefore have pointed the way to others, will not mind.

They have, it is confidently believed, made a discovery that will eventually lead to the conquest of one of the worst enemies of mankind.

DOCTORED!

THE names of well-known hospitals, and reputable medical men are being impudently used by a young adventurer, who swindles people in the guise of a doctor.

In the West End of London he has passed in the alias of "Dr. Barnes"; and arrived recently at a North London shop and made a small purchase. Using the name of "Dr. Barnes," he informed the shopkeeper that he had just performed a very critical operation, and, in his hurry to get to his patient in time, had left his surgery without any ready cash.

Handing over a cheque for six guineas made out to "Dr. Barnes" and signed in the name of a well-known medical institution, he asked for the price of his purchase to be deducted and for the change to be handed to him in cash.

When the shopkeeper, who did not know him, demurred a little, the bogus "Dr. Barnes" retorted that he would not bother him further.

"I'll get someone at the hospital to cash it," he said.

Believing, after this, that his visitor was a genuine medical man, and that he might be doing his business some injury if he still refused, the shopkeeper took the cheque.

The money changed hands, the "doctor" departed—and the cheque came back, as numerous others have done, all clever forgeries!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Sir FRANK BENSON

You turned GENTLEMEN into ACTORS

DEAR SIR FRANK,—Many people must have been surprised, when they opened their newspapers the other morning, to find that you had been granted a Civil List Pension of £2 a week. I was not, because I knew some of the circumstances. The world gets many shocks like that. It sees on books, outside volumes of poetry, or on the playbills, names displayed year after year. It associates them all with comfort and affluence.

It thinks, "Oh, he must be doing well," or, "She's making a lot of money." Then it reads of the death, and the will, and the few pounds which are all that form the estate. Or else, as in your case, the name is included, with others, as a recipient of a beggarly £50 a year, or £2 a week, at the most £3.

Well, you are a brave man. You have borne, for years, the brunt of evil fortune—and you have had your periods of success.

I, who know you well, can say, truthfully, that you have always been the same, whether fortune smiled or whether the heavens rained upon you torrents of ill-luck.

* * *

I wonder how many people know that, even during the last few months, when you were seventy-four, you were still going round the country, playing Shakespeare, a shadow of yourself, but still unafraid and smiling. Some of us regretted it. But you, at least, were playing Shakespeare—and so you did not mind.

You have given the greater part of your life to Shakespeare. You have found in his works an unquenchable source of inspiration. You did not complain. When things have looked black, you have recited his ringing words.

To the world you are "Sir Frank." To hundreds of players scattered all over the world you are "Pa Benson." Lady Benson is "Ma." Never was there an actor, in my lifetime, who so enjoyed the love of his fellows. The only thing Henry Ainley has ever asked me to do in his life was to print a paragraph about the annual reunion of the Old Bensonians.

They are trying, nowadays, to make actors into gentlemen. You turned gentlemen into actors.

To all sorts of actors, of low and high degree—many came from the Oxford University, to which you, after leaving Winchester, once belonged—this has been, for years, a festival which would be solemn but for the fact that it radiated more abundant good-fellowship than any other stage gathering I know.

The former members of your company, you see, were not only linked by loyalty to what they owe your patient tuition—and you are the most brilliant teacher of acting our stage has ever known—but they had so many stories to tell, not only about the parts you made them play, but the games they shared with you, on the hockey field and at cricket, indeed, in almost every branch of sport.

Few will call you a great actor. You did something more difficult than that—you taught acting to other people. But for you, we should not have had Henry Ainley or Oscar Asche. But for you, the stage would never have known a Lily Brayton, or a Stephen Phillips, or a James Bernard Fagan. And there are many more. . . .

* * *

Stratford-on-Avon boasts, to-day, a magnificent theatre, one of the finest stages in Europe, and a tradition apart from the fact that Shakespeare was born there and that he died in that town.

It was you who made its Festival. I shall never forget hearing you, at a birthday luncheon, speaking with a grave modesty of your own share in it, your voice vibrating with earnest beauty when you talked of Shakespeare, your great master.

Your face looks old now; but its profile has still its classical outline. Even at seventy-four you are fit, because of the splendid life you have led.

Well, things might have gone very differently. When Irving died, you were a London manager and the theatrical world watched "with amused interest"—to use your own words—"at what some called the duel between Tree and Benson for the succession to Irving." You soon dropped out. The mantle which you felt should have fallen on Forbes Robertson descended on Tree's shoulders. The King knighted you with a property sword.

You followed a star which shone high in the heavens. It was Shakespeare. Time after time, you were tempted to sacrifice your ideals for the sake of exploiting a legitimate success. Time after time you refused lucrative employment. Instead, you lost your fortune. And, when you made more money, you lost that.

* * *

I was reading your book the other day. Every now and then it hints at the chances thrown at you. Every now and then, I could read, between the lines, how you had turned your back on wealth and prosperity, refused to acquire solid brick-and-mortar and, instead, followed your star.

It is characteristic of you that, when the war broke out and you went to France, you recited, behind the lines to tired and weary soldiers, Shakespeare's most inspiring words.

Well, without you, England might not know very much about Shakespeare, in spite of all the talk. You took his plays all over the country, year after year, battling with competition, still bearing aloft the flag.

You have written your own swansong

"Leaning against the seventy-first milestone of the appointed road," you wrote, "on looking back, the writer is amazed and ashamed of the many mistakes and sins of commission and omission that accompany his halting footsteps. On looking forward, towards the end of the journey, he senses anew a firm conviction of the joy of life's intensity, and a confidence in its continuity. He feels failure and success matter little, that it is the effort and the aim that count."

Those are the noble words of a brave and splendid gentleman.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—The annual report of your Department shows that one of your "economies" is a big reduction in the grant for fighting tuberculosis.

You defend this by pointing to the fact that the death-rate from consumption has fallen.

Yes, but that is the fruit of the extra money spent in fighting the scourge during recent years. The crop from the present "economies" will be reaped in the form of a higher death-rate in the years to come. JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Secretary for Mines

DEAR SIR,—Your Department has taken an unreasonably long time in considering the new automatic gas detector for mines.

Those who represent the miners are convinced that it will do much to ensure greater safety.

Well, now that you have received reports of its exhaustive trials I hope you will not delay further in deciding whether the use of this instrument shall be made compulsory. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. R. SOUTHERN,
Garston, Liverpool

DEAR MADAM,—You really must be the most curious of newly married young women.

Few brides know how to cook, according to the comic journals, but they won't admit it. You, however, think your husband was quite right in losing his temper and attacking you with a knife because you made a mess of the Sunday joint!

Well, the magistrates let him off with a small fine. But you've set a bad example. For the sake of other young wives, improve your cooking *and* your husband's temper. JOHN BULL.

Master GOMER JENKINS,
Canton, Cardiff

DEAR GOMER,—When you found a wallet containing £250 and restored it to its owner, he carefully counted the notes to make sure that none was missing and then rewarded you with sixpence.

As you are only ten years old, you will probably think sixpence a lot of money.

Don't spend it all at once!

JOHN BULL.

LORD IRWIN,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—Your Board has refused to allow an engineering course in Rotherham Technical College unless there is a guarantee that the students would find employment in the engineering industry at the end of it.

Do you not know that in these days it is almost impossible to guarantee anything of the sort?

Frankly, your Board is either qualifying for a booby prize or trying to work a badly camouflaged economy stunt. Which is it? JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. P. MORRIS, M.P.,
Salford

DEAR SIR,—Ministers talk too much in Parliament, you say, so that backbenchers have no chance of speaking their minds on matters that vitally affect their constituents.

That is true enough. But as the Ministers won't curtail their speeches, the only remedy for the rank and file is to ignore the Whips and withhold their votes.

The talkative ones would soon tire of the family-party game if that happened.

JOHN BULL.

LORD JESSEL,
South Street, London, W.

DEAR LORD JESSEL,—I hope M.P.s of all Parties will support your new Bill to prevent the sale and use of bogus university degrees.

The first Bill you introduced was dropped because of criticisms from those who favoured the principle, but disliked the details.

Its successor, however, should be quickly passed into law to end a public scandal which I have exposed time and again. JOHN BULL.

ROBERT WILLIAM DODDS,
Kenton, Northumberland

SCOUNDREL,—It is bad enough that you should pretend to be a Harley Street surgeon in order to indulge your liking for free hotel comfort.

But to carry it to the extent of operating on an eighteen-months-old baby, sticking a needle into its side, makes your offence a thousand times worse.

You are to serve six months in jail. A more fitting punishment would have been to hand you over to a committee of mothers. JOHN BULL.

ERIC BARKER,
Leicester

BARKER,—I hope it will be a long time before I hear again of a misdeed so tragic as yours.

By stealing a postal packet you not only brought disgrace on yourself as a postman, but caused the death of your mother, who was seized by a stroke when told of your arrest.

The magistrates did well to let you off with a fine, for your remorse must be sufficient punishment. JOHN BULL.

LORD MAYOR OF LEICESTER: Nine men with families have been settled in farmsteads, with fowls, pigs and sheep, as a start of Leicester's back-to-the-land cure for unemployment. Not only other cities, but the Government should watch your fine experiment.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM CHARLES BARKER,
Watford

VANDAL,—The fine of 30s. imposed on you for trying to gratify your stupid vanity was not a penny too much.

You had defaced National Trust property by scratching your name on a bronze dial which had cost £30.

I hope other vandals will be treated even more severely. JOHN BULL.

Au Revoir —but not Good-Bye

by **A. G. Gardiner**

The World Conference delegates are departing . . . but we shall see them again, and then——?

TO-DAY the World Economic Conference breaks up. But it breaks up to reassemble. London bids the host of representatives that has gathered from all the world a cheerful "*au revoir*, but not good-bye." That is something to be grateful for. It would have been a world tragedy if the farewell had been final.

It is not that, and in spite of the poverty of the results achieved, I believe that the Conference which ends to-day will live in history as the beginning of a new world order.

We have made a start on the greatest adventure of mankind, an adventure which, in Tennyson's phrase, is to inaugurate "the Parliament of man, the federation of the world." It has been an unpropitious start, but most great adventures have their early mishaps.

When Benjamin Franklin was experimenting with balloons, he was asked what was the good of wasting his time over such toys. And he made the immortal reply, "What is the good of a new-born baby?"

A lusty child

To-day that new-born baby of Franklin's has developed into aerial navies that skim across the Atlantic between dawn and dawn. And I predict that the World Conference is "a new-born baby" that will have a no less triumphant future.

That by the way. The immediate question is the next step. It is suggested that the Conference should reassemble in November. If that is possible we should all rejoice. But one thing is clear: we must have no more fiascos. One has been survived. A second would be fatal.

Before the Conference is summoned again the lessons of the last must be acted on. The Conference must meet to succeed—not to fail. Until it has that assurance it had better not meet.

It cannot be said that the prospect of an early resumption with a certainty of success is cheerful. The rock on which the first Conference was wrecked still blocks the way, and until it is removed or a navigable channel has been dredged round it progress cannot be made.

Let us look at the nature of the obstruction. There are two main causes of the trade paralysis which afflicts the world and which the Conference was called to remove.

One is the obstacles to commerce caused by economic nationalism. The machine of international trade has run down, and each nation is trying to live to itself alone. The doctrine of "Sinn Fein" is everywhere rampant. We are all engaged in holding the foreigner at bay with tariffs and quotas and bounties devised to keep trade at home.

Fatal stagnation

This is fatal, and we all know that it is fatal. The currents of trade can no more be localised than the current of the blood can be localised. The blood must flow freely through the whole system if the body is to be healthy, and trade must flow freely through all its channels if the economic system of the world is to be healthy.

And because it is not flowing freely trade is everywhere depressed, unemployment rages like a plague, and prices have collapsed so that every industry is impoverished. The Conference was called to restore the circulation of trade.

But there was another evil it had to deal with. Trade is not only paralysed by economic nationalism. It is paralysed also by the breakdown of the medium of exchange. One currency after another has crashed. The Russian rouble went first; then the German mark, followed by the Austrian crown. The French franc and the Italian lira were only saved when they were at the last gasps.

To-day the currencies of the world are still in confusion. Some countries are on gold; some are off gold. Some are, as it were, half on and half off.

Most of them put restrictions upon the export of currency, so that if you trade, let us say, with the Argentine, you cannot get your money out of that country. You have to leave it there in the hope that some day the restrictions will be lifted. I know a merchant who trades with China and who has found that the only convenient medium of exchange is Swiss francs.

All this chaos strangles business. You buy cotton at one price, and before it is delivered the currency has soared up or slumped down. Thus business life becomes a crazy gamble with incalculable cards. The Conference was called in to unriddle the tangle of currencies as well as to cleanse the currents of trade.

And it was on this issue that it broke down. The Conference passed a mild resolution in favour of stabilisation; but without a word of warning President Roosevelt bluntly refused to co-operate. He would not even discuss the subject. He had reversed engines almost in a night, and, having gone off gold, declared that he would have nothing to do with stabilisation or the gold standard. The dollar must find its level on an internal basis regardless of the effect on the outside world.

The only thing he was concerned about was to raise prices in America, and to do that he was prepared to let the dollar "rip."

That ended the Conference for all practical purposes. For the European countries which had stabilised their currencies were determined at all costs not to let them collapse again. Germany, France, Italy and Belgium had had bitter experience of what inflation meant, and they dreaded above everything a repetition of that experience.

Raise prices by all means, they said; but the way to raise prices was to have a stabilised world medium of exchange that would allow trade to function. Their argument was in vain. President Roosevelt has gone for economic isolation and "America first, last and always."

There the matter rests. The European block stands for a fixed currency, and the United States for a currency that fluctuates from day to day. Already the dollar has depreciated until it has reached parity with the pound. Whether it will continue to soar or whether the break will now be put on is a matter of conjecture only.

Dollar madness

Some experts take the view that the cheapening of the dollar has reached its limit; others that it will go to six or even seven to the pound. If this happens, the whole economic equilibrium of the world will be further and disastrously shaken, and every country may be drawn into a war of depreciated currencies, the end of which is difficult to foresee.

In this controversy Britain leans to the European block. It is not on the gold standard and has no intention of returning to gold hurriedly. But it wants a stabilised currency as a means of laying a sound foundation for the operations of international trade.

Economic isolation may be a possible temporary policy for the United States, which is an almost self-sufficing country. But it is an impossible policy for Britain, whose existence depends on international trade.

But if the dollar runs amuck, anything may happen. There is a powerful school led by Mr. Keynes which wants Britain to follow in the wake of America. It wants us to adopt economic isolation. It wants to raise prices by inflation, as the means of getting behind the rigid wages standard of the trade unions.

Into this great argument I cannot enter here. My purpose is to show the nature of the battle that must be fought and won before the World Economic Conference can usefully meet again

Will the dollar, like a mighty whale, continue to lash the waters into tumult? Or will it subside into quiescence and become stabilised? Upon the answer to these questions depends the next meeting of the World Economic Conference.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Ely Culbertson, Czar of Contract Bridge, defends

BRIDGE BALLYHOO

FROM Cripple Creek to Tooting Bec,
Wherever gamblers play
A "bob" a hundred, Ely's name
Stands highest on the scroll of fame,
For Ely makes Bridge *pay*!

My books on Bridge by thousands sell,
My fortune grows apace,
My tactics make my critics rave:
Some play the fool, some play the Knave,
But Ely holds the Ace!

What Shakespeare to Drama is,
The moon, say, to the sky,
The Highland chieftain to his clan,
The superman to just mere man,
To Contract Bridge am I!

Whether the £40,000 a year which I am credited with making is my precise income is a matter between me and the income-tax guys, but I'll admit that I'm doing better than most shamateurs.

One profitable sideline at my London headquarters is the sale of the expensive certificates of proficiency that I award; for many suburban Bridge queens are eager to subscribe to the Culbertson Party Fund so that they may figure in King Ely's Honours List.

Being a genius, I am naturally temperamental, and, this being so, I don't think I should be criticised for becoming hot and bothered during the British-American match, objecting first to the size of the specially-made cards, then finding that the chairs didn't suit my temperament, and then arriving three-quarters of an hour late for the evening session. After all, what's the good of being a "star" unless you can behave as if you were boss of the entire firmament?

Sarcastic comments have also been made regarding announcements that, in preparation for their ordeal, members of my team were getting fit at various Continental resorts. Obviously these critics do not appreciate the immense strain to which athletes of the Bridge table are subjected.

But what made most guys want to hand me the frozen mitt was my description of the play of the British team during the international tournament as "lousy," and my announcement that unless certain players named by me were included in the England team for the England-America match I would reserve the right to refuse to play.

It is, however, absurd to argue that this is as if the Australian Board of Control insisted upon the right to select the next England Eleven, for neither the Board of Control nor the M.C.C. is as powerful in the realm of cricket as I am in that of Bridge. The hand that I can't play has yet to be dealt, though I'll admit that I like some suits better than others.

When Hearts are trumps I play the game
Without excessive zest;
Of course, I'll win with what I've got,
But Hearts emphatic'ly are not
The suit I like the best.

When Clubs are trumps I'm more at home;
The bludgeon is a tool
I oft have wielded with a will
When out those heretics to kill
Who are not of my school.

When Diamonds chance to rule the pack
I positively shine;
For riches I have made galore—
And hope to make a great deal more
Ere forced to toe the line!

Some day, no doubt, Spades will be trumps,
If prophecies come true;
Then those who think my head too big,
With Spades a nice big grave will dig
And bury ballyhoo!

What are YOU doing to keep your dog healthy?

Unless you condition your dog to stand the summer heat, these blood disorders will ruin his health and cause you much anxiety.

LISTLESSNESS. Impure blood has made the liver sluggish, and you must condition your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders at once.

LOSS OF APPETITE. Sour stomach is the cause, but Bob Martin's Condition Powders will quickly correct the trouble, and bring a return of healthy appetite.

CONTINUAL SCRATCHING. Impure blood causes intense irritation under the skin. Don't make your dog endure this misery—condition him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

By purifying and refreshing the blood Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent and cure all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as—LISTLESSNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, CONTINUAL SCRATCHING, SULKY TEMPER, LOOSE COAT, ECZEMA and SWELLINGS BETWEEN THE TOES.

The correct way to keep your dog free from these common blood disorders is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day for two consecutive days in every week.

WHEN you consider how easy it is to keep dogs in good health, and how quickly they respond to decent treatment, it is difficult to understand why so many owners condemn their dogs to a life of half-health—never really ill, but often out-of-sorts and unhappy. These dogs never know the contentment of a mellow old age, nor do their owners experience the fine companionship which only a healthy dog can give.

Watch his coat

Apart from experienced Breeders, few people realise what a high standard of condition a dog is capable of reaching. The surest guide to a dog's condition is his coat, and if you compare the dense, gleaming coats of dogs at championship shows with the loose, dull coat of the average "home" dog, you will realise the difference between a dog who is properly cared for by a **thoughtful** owner, and a dog who is neglected and left to take care of himself.

You can easily keep **your** dog in perfect condition, because his health depends entirely upon the purity of his blood, and if you keep his blood **pure** he will never be unwell or unhappy. Accept the advice of experienced Breeders, and provide your dog regularly with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the bloodstream and in this way tone up the whole system.

He relies on you

If your dog was free to roam the valleys and moorland, he could look after his own health by taking the blood correctives which Nature provides among certain wild grasses and herbage. Since these are beyond his reach, he must rely on you to provide a blood corrective. Bob Martin's Condition Powders are your dog's **natural** blood corrective and they keep him healthy in the only **natural** way there is.

TO-DAY provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, and watch the difference which condition makes to him. In a few days his eyes will be clearer, his appetite sharper, and his manner more jaunty and gay. In less than a fortnight his coat will be gleaming with that beautiful "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog, and proves that the coat is being nourished by rich, pure blood.

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

BOB MARTIN'S *Condition* Powders

(TASTELESS)

KEEP DOGS HEALTHY—ALWAYS

And Now He Loves Me *More Than Ever*

"Hello dear. Say, I've had a tiff with George. What!—Why he telephoned three times last week saying he had to work late . . . matter of fact I heard he was at the Kat Kall Club with that smart little blonde in his office. I was dreadfully upset . . . . That day my hairdresser asked me to try Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood—said you could get a new white skin in 3 days . . . . Would you believe it—at the end of the week George told me he had never seen me look so young and attractive since we were first married . . . 10 years ago. The silly dear is really more in love with me than ever. I'm sure he's quite forgotten about the blonde. I really owe it all to Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. If you have not tried it, my dear, get some at once."

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil, combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates the pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away and tightens enlarged pores; whitens and softens the darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days, such as can be obtained in no other way.

From ALL CHEMISTS

SEE THE BRAND "SURE SHIELD" is on every packet or tin.

1½d. & 3d. PACKETS

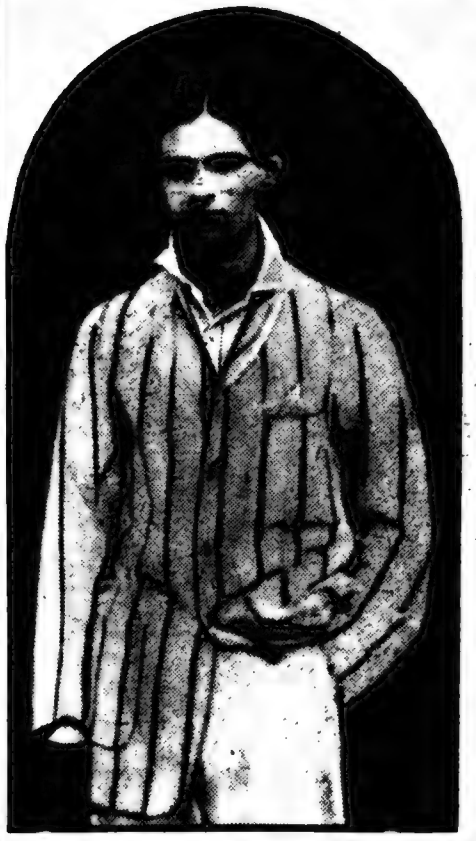
8½d 1/3

THE TABLET

There is no laxative so effective, safe and gentle as 'SURE SHIELD' Fruit Laxatives.

"SURE SHIELD" BRAND FRUIT LAXATIVES

An Ex-Minister's Monstrous Marriage



Girdhari Lal Chaudhry, at the time of his marriage

Mrs. Edith Georgina Chaudhry, to-day. "both a wife and no wife"

WE are not at all surprised that Girdhari Lal Chaudhry, till lately the holder of the exalted and lucrative office of Prime Minister in the Indian State of Alwar, has not accompanied his master, the Maharajah, on his present visit to this country.

His Highness the Maharajah of Alwar, owing to the misrule of his State, is now on a term of enforced exile from India.

Girdhari Lal Chaudhry, his erstwhile Prime Minister, is also a sort of exile; but from England, not India.

For if Girdhari Lal Chaudhry comes again to this country, he will be welcomed not as formerly by dignitaries of State, but by officers of the Law.

Small wonder, then, that this ex-Prime Minister, who is still the confidential adviser of the Maharajah, is steering clear of this country, and will not join the Alwar suite until the Maharajah has left England and settled in the South of France for the remainder of his two years' exile.

Wonder story

Behind the certainty that legal proceedings will be taken if the ex-Prime Minister ever lands again in this country lies a somewhat sordid and most discreditable story. It is the story of an English wife left deserted and destitute by this Indian of exalted rank.

It goes back to Christmas Day, 1915, when, at the Paddington Register Office, Girdhari Lal Chaudhry, then a graduate of Cambridge University, went through a form of marriage with a pretty eighteen-year-old London girl named Edith Georgina Barker.

The bridegroom described himself on the marriage certificate as a bachelor.

But actually, seven years before that, he had been married in India according to the rites of the Hindoo faith, to the daughter of L. Gurdasram Budhwar, a wealthy merchant of Ferozepur.

He had met Edith Barker at a dance in Bayswater when she was an assistant at a London stores. And soon she was swept off her feet by his love-making. He talked to her of the wealth of his father, described to her the wonders of life in India.

What a chance, she thought, to get away from war-time London and to go as wife to a palace in India.

Moreover, she was desperately in love with him, and she welcomed his proposal of marriage.

At the register office, the kindly-disposed Registrar reasoned with her. He asked her if she was really sure she wanted to marry an Indian, and explained that it was quite possible for a Hindoo to have more than one lawful wife.

But Girdhari Lal Chaudhry reassured his bride. He told her that she was the only woman who would ever enter his life, and the marriage took place.

For a time the young couple lived in a flat in Westbourne Grove, Paddington, and a child was born—a girl, whose name was registered as Pearl Girdhari Lal Chaudhry.

Then Chaudhry was recalled to India by his father, and promises were made that before long money would be sent for his English wife and her baby to follow him.

No official aid

Month after month went by, but those promises were never redeemed. Small sums of money were forthcoming from India for a short period. Then they ceased. There was nothing but silence. Pathetic letters from the girl-wife met with no response. She and her baby were left deserted—dependent on relatives.

It was not till many years later that Mrs. Chaudhry learned that her husband had entered the service of the Maharajah of Alwar, and was shocked by being told that he had a wife in his own country.

The whole circumstances of the case were then brought to the notice of the India Office The Whitehall officials were sympathetic, but declared that nothing could be done. The only remedy for Mrs. Chaudhry was to institute divorce proceedings if she could secure the necessary evidence.

The next stage in this amazing story came with the year 1923, when the Maharajah of Alwar visited London. For with him was Girdhari Lal Chaudhry, by now the Prime Minister of Alwar, with the considerable revenue and dignity of that office.

A meeting was on that occasion arranged between the Prime Minister and his English wife, and as a result of the interview he paid over to her the sum of £300, and promised a definite allowance for the future.

Broken promise

But once again promises were never kept. The Prime Minister went back to India, and his wife heard nothing more. The £300 was all she got after seven years of utter desertion.

With the first assembly of the Round Table Conference in the autumn of 1930, the Maharajah of Alwar was again back in London, and with him, staying at the Hyde Park Hotel, was his Prime Minister.

Meanwhile, enquiries had been made in India, and evidence secured of the first marriage of Girdhari Lal Chaudhry in 1908. Statements were received that the Prime Minister and his Indian wife had been living together for many years in Alwar.

So once more the English wife and her solicitors waited on the Prime Minister of Alwar.

He agreed on this occasion that he would do everything to facilitate divorce court proceedings, and he entered into an undertaking to pay his English wife £400 towards expenses.

But on the very morning when the divorce papers were to be served on him he left the country.

No effort was made to pay the promised £400, and in consequence the wife's solicitor obtained a court judgment against the Prime Minister. This judgment still stands and is awaiting settlement. Moreover, it has been impossible, so far, to go on with the petition to secure a decree of nullity of the marriage at the Paddington Register Office in 1915 on the ground of the former marriage in India in 1908.

Thus, Mrs. Edith Georgina Chaudhry is left both a wife and no wife, for she is legally tied in this country to her ex-Prime Minister husband, who had a wife before he ever came to England as a Cambridge undergraduate and took a second.

Can you imagine a more despicably treated wife than Mrs. Chaudhry? She was a wife and mother at the age of eighteen with an Indian husband who had sailed away and left her. She has had to struggle through the years deserted and unsupported by this husband who became Prime Minister in the service of one of India's richest princes.

And the daughter of this Prime Minister is now a young typist in a city office earning a weekly wage of 12s. 6d.

An appeal on behalf of Mrs. Chaudhry and her daughter has been placed before the Maharajah since his recent arrival in London. The Maharajah has ignored that appeal.

We think it would be a right and proper gesture on his part if he insisted on his ex-Prime Minister providing adequate restitution to the English woman he has so grievously wronged.

For he cannot make the excuse that he is not fully aware that the daughter of his former Chief Minister of State is working in an office at a miserable wage, while her mother is living on the bounty of relatives.

Like a Thief in the Night

IT was a wild night—the kind of night when one gets an added flush of comfort and well-being at sitting in one's own home.

A small but happy York family did not care about the weather that raged outside. They tuned in the wireless set, and, without saying it in so many words, thanked their lucky stars for modern invention. They had a lot to be grateful for.

Dad had recently lost his job, it's true. But mother was a true brick, and looked after the small confectionery shop attached to the house so well that the blow was minimised.

Then there were two pretty daughters, aged seven and eleven respectively, who were possessed of their full health and strength, thank Heaven, and not likely to want for anything unless any unexpected tragedy came along.

Tragedy? It seemed very far distant from that happy home that night.

And so bedtime came, the voice of the wireless was silenced, the lights in the little parlour were extinguished, and every eye in the home closed on the storm that became wilder and wilder outside.

How often it is that Fate strikes at such moments as these!

Suddenly a flash of lightning came that was stronger and more vivid than those that had gone before. A seething, crackling tongue of blue flame licked along the wireless aerial and melted the inside of the wireless set with one touch of its tongue.

Flames broke out around. One of the little children was crying from the pain of her burns. Where had been perfect peace and happiness there was turmoil and heartbreak, the heartbreak of people who realise that one of their own is injured, and, of less importance than flesh and blood, that treasured possessions had been destroyed.

It is not hard to guess which of those lost articles the sick child pined for most. "Daddy," she whispered, "won't we be able to have another wireless now?"

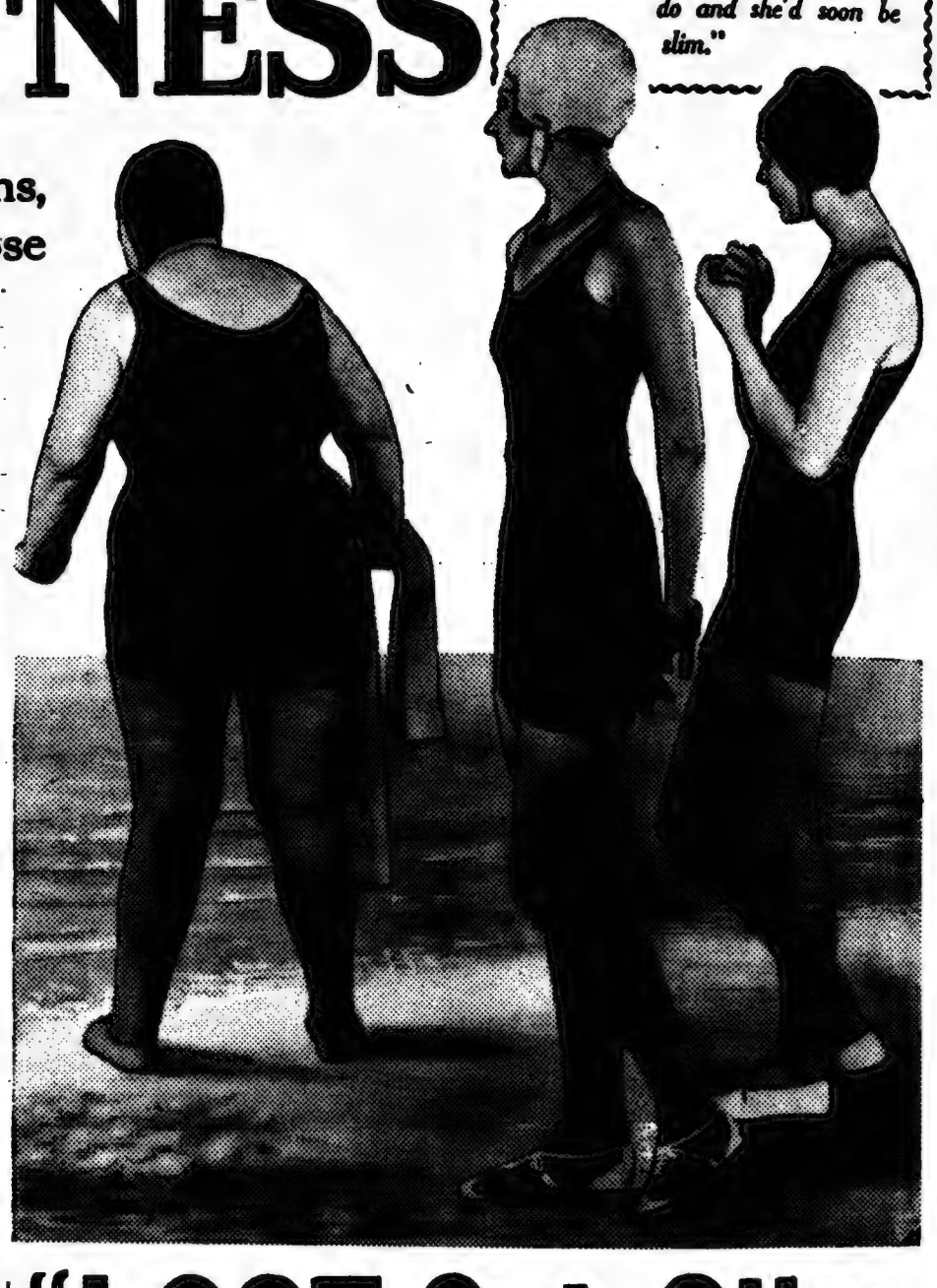
Wouldn't they? Why, because they had taken the precaution of filling in a form similar to the one you will find on page 34, it was as good as done already. JOHN BULL's cheque had arrived in respect of the whole damage. And they brought the smile back to her face by telling her so.

Fate smiles again on that York home. She never frowns for long. The wireless concerts go on. The incidents of that tragic night are already just a story, the sort of story one tells till one grows old and falters over the words.

Summer Dangers OF OVER-FATNESS

JOAN *"Doesn't she look awful! She's as fat as I used to be before I took 'SILF.'"*

MARY *"Yes! This weather must cause her terrible suffering. She should take 'SILF' as we do and she'd soon be slim."*



Exhaustion, Faintness, Heart Symptoms, Terrible Discomfort and Fear of Collapse

"SILF"

The Safe, Sure Treatment which REMOVES FAT AND REBUILDS HEALTH

No Starving, Drugging, Purging or Violent Exercises

NOW is the time when fat people realise to the full the dangers and indignities of their condition. Summer weather, placing increasing burdens upon an already over-burdened system, brings matters to a head with the urgency of a crisis.

That terrible feeling of exhaustion and faintness—the agitated beating of the distressed heart—the awful discomfort of the excessive perspiration—the chafing, soreness and the ever-present fear of a complete collapse are warnings which it would be the utmost folly to neglect.

And fat people *know* that their only remedy is to get slim! How simple it sounds, yet even in this arises a serious danger. For in their great distress they are liable to turn to drastic and dangerous slimming practices such as excessive Starving, harmful Drugging, weakening Purging, and heart and body-straining Exercises. **Such unwise methods cannot be too strongly condemned. They are perilous at all times, but now they are even more so.** They can only result in a further decline in health and may bring about a bodily condition far worse than the affliction of fatness itself.

How "SILF" Removes Fat

It is unnecessary to run these risks—and it is equally unnecessary to remain FAT! Every person who is burdened by too much flesh—whether it be a few pounds or many STONES—should commence instantly to take "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets. "SILF" is Nature's own remedy for Obesity. Not only does it remove excessive fat in a perfectly natural and absolutely harmless way, but at the same time restores and rebuilds the general health. **Whether the fatness is LOCAL (such as double chin or thick ankles) or GENERAL to the whole body, "SILF" is equally efficacious.**

"SILF" dissolves away not only the *Outward* evidences of FAT, but removes also those *internal* accumulations which stifle the digestive organs, impede the heart and impose their stranglehold upon every fibre of your body.

How "SILF" Rebuilds Health

And as the superfluous fat is melted away so does Perfect Health return. As the clinging "rolls" of adipose tissue "fall away" from overburdened limbs so is activity restored. As the body is freed from its inward and outward fetters of fat so does the system return to its normal functions, the heart beats truly and without distress, weakness and all other untoward symptoms vanish.

And no matter how long you take "SILF" it cannot cause you the slightest harm. Indeed, once it has restored you to normal, its action is purely a healthful one, providing a wonderful tonic to the whole system and keeping in check that tendency to "put on fat" which is the constant worry of so many men and women.

"SILF" makes you SLIM by making you HEALTHY, and will continue to KEEP you Healthy and Slim!

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box

From all Chemists and Druggists, or Post Free by sending the price to:—

Silf BRAND OBESITY TABLETS

YOU SAVE MONEY BY PURCHASING THE LARGER SIZES.

To avoid wasting your money on useless imitations, make certain you get SILF Brand Obesity Tablets.

THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46C), 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1

"LOST 6st. 2lbs. And Never Altered My Diet"

6, Middle St., Old Brompton,
Chatham, Kent.

Dear Sirs,

Your splendid fat-reducer "Silf" has done so much for me that I am writing to say how grateful I am.

Until six months ago I weighed no less than 16 st. 12 lbs.—much too heavy for a woman of my height—but to-day I only weigh 10 st. 10 lbs. What a wonderful change—a reduction of 6 st. 2 lbs.!

My weight had been increasing for five years, and in my despair I tried practically all and everything, but nothing came of it. Then I read and heard of "Silf," and so made up my mind to try it.

Imagine my delight when I noticed my fatness began to decrease, and so the change went on. Everyone noticed it, and my friends were astonished.

And let me say I have never felt better in health—for I had got very run down—had to be always resting—could scarcely walk about and felt a worn-out woman with nerves shaken and no energy left.

This change has been so marked and the difference so great that I consider it my duty to tell you just how much I value "Silf" and what I owe to its good qualities. I often tell stout people to do as I did, and I would like many others to know how beneficial your "Silf" is.

Let me also say that I never altered my habits of eating and diet. I still enjoy all my food, and this fact should be of good cheer to all stout people.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. Cogger.

MONEY-BACK OFFER

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 Box of SILF (Brand) Obesity Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that Silf will prove beneficial your money will be refunded by the Silf Co., Ltd., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the undertaking enclosed in every packet.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

Amazing Drama in a COUNTRY HOUSE

IN all Britain there is no more placid place than Smarden, a garden-like village snuggling below the Weald of Kent.

Its people boast that nothing unusual ever happens there—that it is never in the news.

At least, they did so until the other day. Then, without warning, strange drama began to be played in their midst, and the serenity of the community was shaken by a succession of bewildering, fantastic events.

Murder had been done, it was said. Grimmest tragedy had visited a respected family, whose home is secluded in one of the charming estates which are the background of the smiling village.

Police were everywhere—on the roads and in the meadows and copses. They were searching for the body of a woman. Her two brothers, so report went, had been detained in the mansion house among the woodlands.

There has been no reference in any newspaper to these happenings. But some serious stories regarding them have spread far beyond the confines of peaceful Smarden.

So grave, indeed, were these stories in their implications that JOHN BULL considered it a duty both to the public and the police to have them investigated. Not for long has any investigation conducted by us produced such extraordinary results.

After they examine the following facts for themselves, we believe our readers will agree that there was need for our action to enable them to be made known, and that they are of such a nature as to justify a call for a prompt and public enquiry before a tribunal appointed by the Home Secretary.

Left to right: Mr. George Lowe, Miss L. E. Lowe, Dr. Otto Lowe

"Murder!"

Three people are primarily involved in the astonishing occurrences which culminated in a murder-hunt. There cannot be anywhere three more pathetic figures than they present to-day. Since the cry of "Murder" was raised, their estate and home, with all its contents, have been seized.

They are living in a completely empty mansion house, sleeping without bedding or cover on the bare floors, and waiting to be turned out at any moment even from that shelter into the fields.

They are two brothers and a sister named Lowe, and all are about sixty years of age.

The only survivors of a family which was well known in Liverpool and which made a considerable fortune there from international trade in dairy produce, the three of them went to live in retirement twelve years ago upon the estate of Oaklands, Smarden, which had been acquired by the sister, Miss L. E. Lowe.

One of the brothers is Dr. Otto Lowe. He is a qualified surgeon and physician, but, having independent means, he did not enter general practice. For thirty years he has devoted himself to farming and private pathological research into diseases and fevers affecting cattle and poultry.

With his brother, Mr. George Lowe, the doctor was also interested in other business enterprises, particularly transport. In these they have now lost practically their all.

As their fortune declined, the brothers and sister became more reserved, and preferred more and more to live detached from local society. They are people of very gentle nature, very shy in the presence of strangers.

About three years ago, it is necessary to explain, Dr. Lowe was placed in a lunatic asylum in somewhat extraordinary circumstances.

For some time previously, he had been conducting strenuous opposition to the Hunt crossing the Oaklands estate. It not only disturbed the privacy which the family wished to maintain, but acts of damage to the property and livestock were stated to have been committed.

When, notwithstanding the known objections of the Lowes, hounds and huntsmen again appeared upon their lands, Dr. Lowe, it is said, went to warn them off armed with a pitchfork.

Soon afterwards, Dr. Lowe was one day repairing a hedge which concealed him in its thickness. He heard footsteps, and, suspecting that a poacher might be on the estate, he leaped out. The "trespasser" was a postman using the field-path on his rounds, and he was so scared by Dr. Lowe's sudden emergence that he retreated and reported the incident to the police.

The doctor's hostility to the Hunt and the scaring of the postman were apparently regarded as sufficient reason to send a party of policemen to Oaklands to apprehend him. Upon a certificate that he was "unsocial," he was locked up in an asylum near Canterbury.

A protest was immediately made by Dr. Lowe to the Board of Lunacy Control and to the authorities of the medical profession. The consequence of their investigation was startlingly quick. It lasted only a few days, and Dr. Lowe was released without more ado.

Eviction

The distress and worry caused by the asylum imprisonment, however, were not conducive to stemming the financial misfortune then flowing upon the family, and their position steadily became worse.

So we come to recent events.

Our description of them, it has to be understood, is based wholly upon declarations which have been made by the brothers and sister.

One morning a sheriff's officer, attended by a squad of police, arrived at the house to enforce an order which had been granted to a creditor to obtain vacant possession from Miss Lowe of the mansion house, a bungalow, and the estate of Oaklands.

The visit was expected, and so that she might not suffer the distress of witnessing the seizure of her home and property, the brothers persuaded her not to be present.

Her absence was commented upon by the police.

When the eviction had been carried out and formal possession taken by the sheriff's officer, the Lowes returned to the house.

Next morning—according to the various declarations—Dr. Lowe was leaving the house after breakfast. As he opened the kitchen door he was confronted by a police officer, behind whom, advancing upon the house from the rear, were a number of other policemen in uniform and detectives in plain clothes.

The Raid

They had come mostly from the town of Ashford, ten miles away.

"Where is your sister?"

This question was fired at Dr. Lowe as he stood upon the kitchen threshold.

"I do not know," he replied.

Mr. George Lowe states that he was in the morning room in the front of the house reading after breakfast when he heard unusual noises and saw a police party approaching through the garden. At the same moment he heard shouts from the rear of the house and, dashing to the kitchen, he found it filling with policemen.

He (George) was also asked where his sister was.

Both brothers deny that they offered any resistance or violence to the police. But handcuffs were snapped on their wrists. The legs of one were tied with his belt taken from his waist, and both were pinioned at the legs with wire torn from a drying apparatus on the ceiling.

Fettered at the wrists and ankles, they lay watching the police sweep through the house and search it room by room from roof to cellars. Other policemen were sent off to search the outbuildings and the orchards and woodlands around the mansion house.

When the police again gathered in the kitchen after the fruitless inspection of the house, Dr. Lowe states that he explained that his brother suffered from a serious abdominal complaint, pointed out that he was on the verge of collapse, and pleaded that he should have his bonds removed and be taken to bed.

The answer was that nothing could be done until the Chief Constable of Kent, who had been summoned from Maidstone, arrived.

Suddenly came shouts from outside.

What must have seemed to the police an apparition appeared.

It was Miss Lowe. She was returning to the house from feeding the ducks in an enclosure upon the estate.

According to Miss Lowe's declaration, she was amazed at the spectacle of so many policemen about the house. She asked for an explanation and was told that it was supposed that she had been murdered by her brothers following the eviction of the previous day. In fact, the police said, they had received *information* that she had been murdered.

Upon entering the kitchen, Miss Lowe states she was staggered to see her brothers handcuffed and bound.

Ultimately, their leg shackles were removed and the handcuffs taken off one of them. Some time elapsed before the handcuffs were unfastened from the other brother, because the officer carrying the key which fitted them was in one of the parties still scouring the estate for a corpse.

Then a gentleman, stated to be the Chief Constable of the county, arrived, and the entire force of police was withdrawn from the house and estate.

Four days later, a party of police again appeared, this time with men who spent the next two days emptying and removing the entire contents of the house and the adjacent bungalow. This was done to pay the costs of the eviction.

Now that is one version of the fantastic story that is circulating from mouth to mouth in the neighbourhood of Smarden.

The other version is, of course, that of the police.

We gather that their explanation of the scene at the Lowes' mansion differs very considerably from the account of the brothers and sister.

Apparently the officers who attended the eviction on the previous day became suspicious at the non-appearance of Miss Lowe.

Next morning, it is stated, they received a telephone message that the woman had actually been murdered. The person who sent the message and its source have not been traced.

Enquire . .

The police declare that Dr. Lowe lifted a hatchet when he approached, and his brother took hold of a piece of wood as if to strike the officers when he entered the kitchen.

They give a flat denial to the allegations that the brothers were ever handcuffed or pinioned. Far from that, the police maintain that Dr. Lowe and Mr. George Lowe were merely "held" by two policemen until the search for the body of their supposed murdered sister was ended by her appearance.

Here are two irreconcilable stories of what seems to have been a very singular affair.

We must admit that, on the face of it, the police account seems straightforward enough. That being so, we feel sure they will be most willing to support our appeal for an exhaustive enquiry into the whole business.

It is the only fair way for them and the Lowe family also

Astounding Offer!

Ever-Ready Razor
3 Ever-Ready Blades
1/- Tube Ever-Ready Cream

Complete Outfit **1/3**

This price does not apply in the Irish Free State

Ever-Ready

Blades are made from the finest surgical steel and are 1½ times thicker than other Blades

On sale at all Chemists Hairdressers & Stores, etc.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD., 110 CRICKLEWOOD LANE, LONDON, N.W.2

£750 Won in "John Bull" Crossword No. 220.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following four competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £125 will be sent.

H. Dean, 7, Norman Grove, Bradford.
F. R. Mayne, West Mount, Farsley, near Leeds.
R. McDowell, 13, Bowford Avenue, Bexley Heath, Kent.
A. Smith, 3, Craigwell Crescent, Stockton-on-Tees.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, Aug. 8th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 24 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £6 5s. 0d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 218: Fifty competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £2 will be despatched accordingly.

Try your skill in "John Bull's" Great X-word on Page 62. A Huge Three-in-one prize and other cash awards must be won.

NEW HAIR
Grown on
BALDHEADS
By Using KOTALKO

A typical example of the enthusiastic praise accorded to Kotalko is the report of Mr. W. Jones, of Manningtree:—

"I was practically bald," he states, "and **now I have an abundance of hair** which **my photo shows.**

"Like many others, I was disheartened because I had tried certain hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I decided to use Kotalko, and I have **marvelled at the results.** Friends who saw my head before I used Kotalko—and who see it now—are simply amazed. I want it to be remembered that **I was nearly bald before I commenced using Kotalko.**"

TEST-BOX COUPON

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 W.M.), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose three pence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Reduce *YOUR* High
BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

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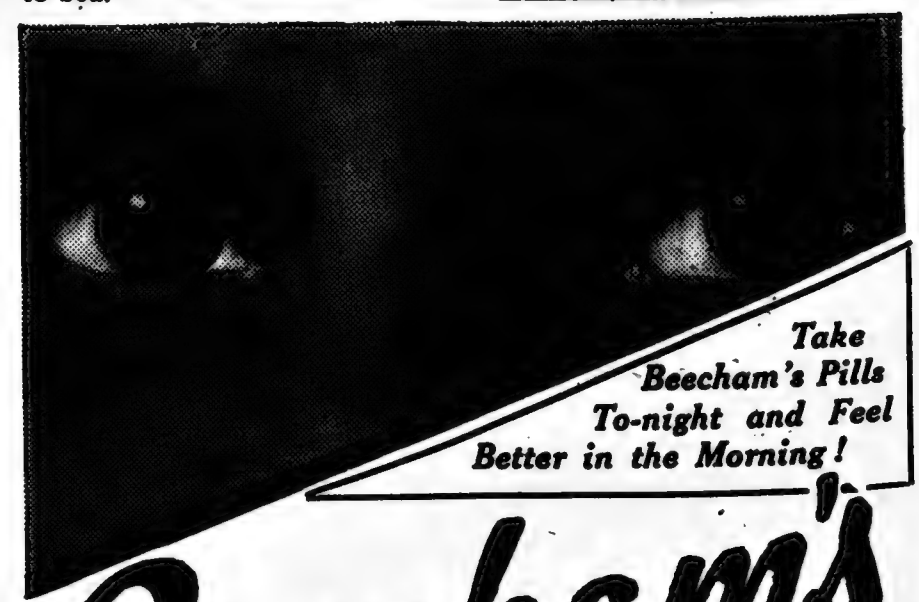
CONSTIPATION
Causes
INDIGESTION, HEADACHES, BLOTCHY SKIN, DULL EYES, LISTLESSNESS ANÆMIA, FEELING of AGE.



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RADIO CRASH: *Queer Facts*

Weekly Informations from
Sir Wyndham CHILDS

THE wireless industry, considering the extensive field it covers, has so far kept remarkably clear of bad financial crashes. But there are, at the same time, a number of wireless concerns whose affairs are of such a character that the light of day should be focused upon them.

I have been approached by certain of my readers who, I am sorry to say, have considerable sums of money at stake in an insolvent wireless company called the Essex Radio Supplies, Ltd.

They complain that they have waited very patiently for a long time to secure some satisfactory information concerning this concern's affairs.

Enquiries I have had made leave no doubt that these people have the fullest justification for their complaints, for the Essex Radio Supplies, Ltd., which has a string of creditors extending all over the country, is clearly a concern into which the fullest official investigation should be made at once.

When it was first established, a few years ago, its registered object was to "take over and carry on" a wireless business previously run from offices in Essex Road and Norton Folgate, London, by a man named Abraham Reich.

Family concern

Reich was made a governing director for life and, in fact, has been the prime mover in the company's operations for the major period of its existence, being the sole director until he was joined on the board by his son Ivor.

The latter, apparently, assumed the name of Rich in lieu of Reich, and I am more than interested to note that, from the time when the company's position was growing desperate and creditors began to press for moneys overdue, it was Ivor, and not Abraham, who assumed the leading role.

Ivor, indeed, in certain court proceedings which were ultimately commenced, prepared the "statement of affairs" concerning which I shall have much to say.

Wireless traders such as this one who supplied goods to the Essex Company have lost heavily

Why did he become a director at all, I wonder—especially as the appointment was made only four months before judgment creditors were actually seeking an order to wind up the company?

Perhaps he hoped to save a ship that was sinking fast. If so, he failed, despite his long experience of the company's affairs. For, though he was only brought in as a director at the eleventh hour, I find he was employed by the firm in a leading capacity under his father from its inception, together with five other sons and daughters!

Figures before me disclose, on the company's own showing, that the gross profits on goods sold for over £415,000 amounted to £51,000; yet the net profits were only £9,750!

During this period, in addition to salaries and other emoluments and high overhead expenses, certain members of the Reich or "Rich" family received several thousands of pounds by way of "special bonuses."

It would be interesting to know what were the special circumstances in which this money was paid to them.

As time went on the company opened eight or nine retail shops in different parts of London, and a branch wholesale department in Manchester. Its own capital was very slender, and even then was owned completely by Abraham Reich and members of his family.

To-day, traders who have supplied goods to this company are owed the sum of £43,000 and, as far as I can discover, will be lucky if they eventually receive, at the most, more than a shilling or so.

Sheer rubbish!

The figures supplied by Ivor Rich make a pretty gloomy picture.

According to him, the remaining assets should realise £13,419. This is sheer rubbish. Stock supposed to be worth £12,000 has fetched only £4,000, while book debts supposedly worth £800 have realised only just over £40.

The company's only recoverable assets are of little value, and it is clear that some of its transactions were of a character that calls for the closest investigation.

Let me give one or two examples.

What of the retail shops that were taken over and run by the company? They were long ago relinquished, and their assets were disposed of to another "Reich" company called the Hudson Radio, Ltd. The directors of this were Ivor Rich and a brother, so that in effect one company's assets simply passed from certain members of the family to others.

It is significant, too, that certain equipment of the retail shops—stock-in-trade, fixtures, motor cars and vans, and so on—were bought by the new Reich concern for a mere £8,840, which appears to be an extraordinarily good bargain when one considers that, at the time, the company was trading at a heavy loss.

Moreover, I can reveal that most of that £8,840 went to Mr. Abraham Reich himself.

In my opinion the creditors have every right to know why this money was at this period paid to him at all.

"Mismanagement"

According to the books, this payment of the bulk of the £8,840 was made in respect of "repayment of loans" and "bonuses." An explanation is all the more necessary since the second Reich concern, to which these assets of the first were sold, is now being conducted under another name as a fresh business.

Can it be wondered at then that creditors with nearly £45,000 at stake have for months past been seeking from Mr. J. Barwick Thompson, the liquidator of the Essex Radio Supplies, Ltd., some official explanation as to what action is being taken on their behalf?

Mr. Barwick Thompson, who has just issued a statement, declares that the failure of the company was directly attributable to mismanagement on the part of the directors.

He goes even further, and adds that "there are numerous other transactions arising out of the company's trading which call for very careful and close investigation."

Such an investigation may not bring much comfort to creditors. But, nevertheless, it most certainly must be held.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Making Amends

AS we go through life we make many mistakes, some of which have troublesome consequences that are never got over. There is an old saying that a man who never makes a mistake never makes anything; but as against that we have the unpleasant knowledge that some of our worst mistakes are not seen to be such till it is too late to remedy them.

What a jumble of hazards life seems to be! There is comparatively little that we can foresee. A wrong turning taken at a critical moment, an unfortunate choice made, will change the whole current of one's career and make a failure of it instead of a success.

This can happen without anyone being particularly to blame. If we had our chance over again, knowing no more than we did at first, we should probably do the same thing.

It is some consolation to know that we cannot accuse ourselves of bad motives in taking an important decision, however badly it may seem to work out. If on looking back we can honestly say that we did our best according to our lights, there is no cause for self-reproach.

Other people may reproach us, and their complaints may be hard to bear, but a wise and well-balanced mind need not be disturbed by this if conscience is at peace. By mourning and fretting over a mistake we add to it. By admitting it and facing it bravely we deprive it of its chief power to hurt.

This reflection applies even to those losses and sorrows which cut most deeply into memory and heart. You have trusted someone, let us say, who has proved to be false; or your little savings of many years have vanished through the collapse of an enterprise that seemed absolutely safe; or sickness has invaded the home and made it impossible for you to carry out the plan to which you have been looking forward with hope and confidence.

Grievous as these troubles are, you can mitigate their painfulness by accepting them quietly in the knowledge that they are not your fault, and you can retain serenity of spirit in spite of them.

You may yet live to realise that what originally looked like being the saddest chapter in your life history was the beginning of the best.

It is different with the errors of which we are morally guilty. If through our selfish blindness we have forfeited a blessing we did not value enough to cherish properly, or injured a loyal affection beyond repair, or set a bad example in a crisis through lack of self-control—being sorry for the blunder will not put matters right.

There is no going back on the past, though, thank God, the past can be redeemed in the majority of cases more thoroughly than is usually thought.

It is untrue to say that the past is irretrievable. You cannot put things as they were before you made your mistake, but out of the mistake itself you can nearly always extract a greater good than otherwise you would have known.

Never let constraint or pride stand in your way if you have the chance to right a wrong or heal a hurt or transform an enemy into a friend. It is worth sacrificing for, and you will not regret doing it, whether it meets with response in a like spirit or not.

No mistake is unmixed evil that teaches us to be lenient in judging others, patient and forbearing in speech, kinder and more generous in action.

There is a love that is born of tears.

Really Red Hot!

AN engaging rogue who uses several addresses has discovered how to make crime "topical."

He called upon a Hampstead woman recently and informed her that he represented a famous fire-extinguisher company. Having previously taken good care to ensure that her husband was away from the house, and ascertained that the latter's garage was in constant use, he told her an ingenious story.

Her husband, he averred, had ordered from him that morning a fire-extinguisher of the latest design for the garage, and had instructed him to leave it at the house, and to ask his wife to pay cash for it, in view of the fact that, when ordering the article, he had not had his cheque-book with him.

The caller handed over to the woman an invoice for £2, and a parcel which presumably contained a fire-extinguisher.

When the husband returned home it was to hear of the transaction for the first time. And when he opened the parcel he found that it contained a large, empty beer-bottle!

Enquiries reveal that this individual has caught many people in this way. He misuses the name of any reputable fire-extinguisher company at will, and passes in several aliases, including those of "A. Speed," "Rex Murray" and "George Whiteley."

The SCHOOL for C

Start

WHERE CU

LEARN . .

Our motor-car bandits' most dreaded enemy is the Wireless Flying Squad, which enables detectives to keep in constant touch with Scotland Yard

THE almost daily story of raids by motor-car bandits, burglaries daringly conceived and as daringly carried out on country houses, and the amazing skill shown by the drivers of the stolen cars invariably used by these desperadoes, points unerringly to the fact that there must be at least one master-brain behind the whole scheme.

Scotland Yard, with the aid of wireless vans, motor-cars which can travel at a hundred miles an hour or more, and a band of mobile police as brave as they are skilled, has for months been fighting a tremendous battle with the forces of organised banditry.

On many occasions they have proved victorious—but in almost every case, too, it has meant that only one, or, at the most, a couple, of the desperadoes have been caught.

All the time the brains that direct the "Yard's" forces were convinced that in the background, safe, at least for the moment, from arrest, were the organisers of the bandit gangs—the men whose schemes their tools were merely carrying into effect.

And the "Yard" was right.

By one of those fortunate chances that lead to the discovery of big things, the police accidentally stumbled on a "college" where the motor bandit could be taught all he wanted to perfect himself in his nefarious "profession."

Double exit

For "college" it undoubtedly was—a garage where the most elaborate arrangements existed for the altering of stolen cars, where number-plates could be changed in a matter almost of seconds, and where a car could be so disguised in a brief time that the owner would never recognise it when he saw it on the road.

Outwardly there was little to distinguish this garage—situated in a poor quarter of Beckenham—from dozens of similar establishments that have grown up mushroom-like through the almost universal use of the motor-car.

Two big doors gave access to it, and there was a yard, perhaps twenty yards long, half-filled with old tyres, parts of broken chassis—all the heterogeneous mass of junk that seems to be inseparable from the odd-job garage.

But where this garage differed very considerably from its fellows was by reason of the fact that there was a second entrance—or exit—into another street, masked by a kind of rag-and-bone store.

"Birds" flown

No one, seeing the mass of odds and ends—from bottles to bundles of old clothes, ancient cabin trunks, old iron and scrap of many other metals—would have imagined that it had anything to do with the garage in a street some distance away.

Here, screened very effectively from prying eyes by the "dead" walls of two disused buildings, this "college" for bandits flourished.

The police made a search of the garage following the report that a stolen and very powerful car had been seen in the neighbourhood.

A comb-out was decided upon, and every garage, large and small, every yard and every shed that might house a car were inspected. But the men behind the "college" had good spies.

By the time the police arrived at the garage they had flown. Yet sufficient was discovered to leave no doubt in the minds of the officers who carried out the search that they had stumbled by accident on one of the headquarters of the bandits.

The very latest machine tools in perfect condition were found on the benches. Electrically operated tools used in altering and "faking" stolen cars, power-driven paint sprayers, and a whole host of car fittings of every kind were discovered.

But even more significant was the fact that at one end of the shed which had obviously been utilised as the "schoolroom" were sectionised portions of motor-cars, elaborate blue prints covering the design of almost every known make of car—British and Continental too—and a large-scale map of England, divided into four sections, North, South, East and West, with every main road coloured in red. And for every route marked in this way a dark blue "alternative" was given.

Definite areas were marked out in other colours—areas where large mansions are situated, and against each estate were such remarks as "lodge-keeper, ex-soldier; gate-keeper, elderly; dogs kept," printed in red ink.

"Tyre-cutters"

In other words, this map was an almost perfect "cracksman's chart," so that instead of the bandit going into the "wilds" with a hazy knowledge of the difficulties that he might come up against, he had in his mind, after careful "schooling," a complete route, with alternatives in case of police action, and exactly what sort of opposition in the shape of employees he was likely to meet with on a "job."

In a wooden chest were found several hundred curiously shaped, sharp-pronged "tyre-cutters." They were almost a replica, in miniature, of the old-fashioned three-legged iron cobbler's last.

Thrown on to the road, they would always fall with three sharp-pointed ends upright—and a handful or so scattered in the path of an approaching police car would very effectively prevent pursuit.

Experiments were carried out, and it was found that balloon tyres were punctured with the greatest ease . . , and it needs little imagination to reflect what would have been the fate of a car doing seventy or more miles an hour, when, without warning, two or more tyres were suddenly flattened.

In recent cases where stolen cars have been used by bandits, the police have after a hot chase been able to capture their quarry by "ramming" them, or else by forcing them into the side of the road, so that escape was impossible.

Elaborate charts were on the walls of the "schoolroom" illustrating how the bandit driver could avoid being "rammed": what to do if a police car draws abreast and its driver attempts to edge the bandit's car on to the pavement or up against a shop or wall.

Smoke-screens

These charts are very obviously the work of a skilled draughtsman. They are easy to understand, and yet show a technical skill that makes it abundantly clear that behind the bandit menace there is an organising brain which is leaving little to chance.

It also has been established that at the "college" experiments had actually been made with a sort of smoke-screen to protect the bandits in their getaways.

Independent witnesses have told the police that on several occasions an alarm of fire had been raised in the neighbourhood because of dense volumes of smoke arising from behind the high walls.

But every time someone or other from the garage had hastened into the streets to explain that "old tyres" were being burned and that there was no danger whatever of fire.

The officers in charge of the raid on the garage, however, discovered several boxes of the same chemical compound which is used by airmen in sky-writing.

This gives off a thick cloud of

In th
they s

CAR BANDITS: artling Disclosures

OUR GUNMEN

In the Bandits' Proficiency Test they stop at nothing in qualifying to beat law and order

smoke which possesses the property of "hanging," and is not nearly so easily dispersed as ordinary smoke.

Further blue prints showed that it had apparently been planned to make use of boxes of this chemical where a police car was close on the trail of a stolen car.

Under its cover it would be possible for a bandit driver to make a sudden *détour* and momentarily throw his pursuers off the scent—at least long enough for him to get clear away, even if it meant the immediate abandonment of the car.

At least fifty complete sets of road register number-plates were found, and in every case they corresponded with a real number.

These plates could be fitted over another number-plate in a moment, as they had clips on top and at the side, painted the same colour, and almost impossible to detect except at close quarters.

Even more significant was the finding of a bunch of "skeleton" car keys, so that a locked door would present no difficulty to the car thief. In addition, in another drawer were discovered almost as many skeleton switch keys, so that the owner-driver who had taken his switch-key with him, and imagined therefore that his car was safe from theft, was likely to get an unpleasant surprise when he returned to find it gone!

When all these amazing discoveries had been made and the police imagined that their finds were at an end, there came perhaps the most extraordinary discovery of all.

At one end of the yard, and covered with old sacking and tarpaulins, was a motor-hearse . . . and inside it was a new coffin!

For a long time this puzzled the detectives in charge until someone had the bright idea that the hearse—which, unlike most of its type, was fitted with opaque glass panels—with a centre "platform" on which the coffin rested and showed well above the height of the glass panelling, was nothing more or less than an elaborate and extremely clever camouflage for a "getaway" in case of emergency.

There was room for at least three men to lie below the level of the coffin, screened from prying eyes. And, of course, the driver and his "assistant" would scarcely have been suspected, especially with a coffin in position.

The authorities, trying to reconstruct the idea behind the provision of this hearse, believe that in the event of pursuit and danger of capture near the "college" the bandits in a stolen car would have dashed in at the "official" garage end of the yard, bolted the gates, and while their pursuers struggled to open them, would have made a quick escape from the other exit, using the hearse for the purpose.

Hot pursuit

Even with a police cordon thrown round the area, it is more than doubtful if such a vehicle would be suspect, particularly in view of the fact that the second entrance—or exit—to the garage gave access to a totally different part of the district.

Of course, such a plan could only be utilised after a daylight raid with a stolen car, which explains why the bandits, surprised by the swiftness of the police raid on their stronghold, and possibly under the impression that someone in the know had "peached," made no attempt to take the hearse with them.

This "college" is but one of many discoveries recently made by the police, who are hot on the trail of the bandits. Many of these criminals are armed—and armed to kill—if they find themselves cornered, like the rats they are.

In another garage raided by special police, in the Lavender Hill district, they discovered a number of revolvers, and a sawn-off shot-gun similar in type to those used by the American gunman, which spread a "cone" of bullets, and can inflict the most fearful casualties when handled by a desperate man.

In another part of the garage there was ample evidence that the gunmen who frequented it had been practising revolver-shooting, for there were targets there, with bull's-eyes scored with such frequency that there was no doubt whatever that the men who had registered them must have been highly skilled in the use of arms.

There were also "groups" of bullets on the woodwork at one end of the improvised "range," and it is believed that these were caused when the sawn-off shot-gun had been fired for target practice.

When it is remembered that the noise of a motor-car back-fire and that of a revolver shot are very similar, it can readily be understood that practice would not be difficult. Also, with the aid of "silencers," the bandits could practise to their hearts' content, assured of the fact that no sound of their nefarious work would reach the outside world.

The "Yard" men have also known that there is a trained chemist in league with the bandit gangs. His work came to light following another surprise visit to a garage near Brixton.

There a quantity of acetylene gas cylinders—60 lb. in weight—was discovered, and a number of smaller cylinders, which, together with certain other highly technical equipment, suggested that this particular gang had hit on the despicable method of utilising acetylene gas "bombs" in their raids.

Fortunately, the police had acted so swiftly that they had been unable to put any such plan into operation.

Desperate men

Special clips were found fitted under the seats of four large cars—all of which had been "hotted up" by the gangsters' mechanical experts so that they were capable of doing over a hundred miles an hour—these clips being for the purpose of carrying the "bombs."

Gas-masks, too, were found. What was of equal importance, certain papers left behind by the gang in their hurried flight from the police enabled detectives to trace an acetylene gas plant in an East End tenement house.

In August of last year a motor-hearse was actually utilised by motor bandits in a raid on a jeweller's premises in Great Dover Street, S.E.—particularly noteworthy in view of the more recent capture of a similar vehicle.

As for the desperate characters who form these gangs, it has long been apparent that they will stop at nothing to evade capture when cornered. Many a London detective can show the scars of battle gained in hand-to-hand encounters with the criminals.

Last April a detective attached to the Hampstead Force, who bravely tackled two bandits, was actually dragged into their car, almost choked with his own tie, and beaten about the head. This despite the fact that a colleague was chasing the bandits' car all the time. Finally the men out-distanced their pursuer, and, leaving the detective half-dead in the car, stole another one and escaped for the time being.

Clever drivers

In May C.I.D. men chasing bandits were forced into collision with a taxi-cab rank, and their car smashed so badly that it was impossible to continue the hunt.

Lonely roads in the provinces—particularly stretches of the famous Great North Road—have been the scene of bandit hold-ups. In every case the bandit driver was a brilliant exponent of the art of car driving at terrific speed—a certain sign that he had received "coaching."

It seems certain that similar "colleges" for these miscreants exist, or soon will exist, in provincial centres. For, as the police net in the metropolitan area closes tighter—as it is doing every day, thanks to the efficiency and bravery of the special police detailed for the hunting-down of the bandits—the criminals will be driven farther afield.

One plan that has been suggested and may be adopted is that all garages should be registered with either the Automobile Association or the Royal Automobile Club, and that they should be periodically inspected before their "licence" to carry on for a further period is granted.

A scoutboy named Frederick Vaughan Was thin from the day he was baughan

Till each day at eight He ate a big pleight

Of POST TOASTIES And now he's all braughan

Hot summer days! . . . that's when you want dainty, *light* foods that give you *energy*, too. Eat Post Toasties! . . . Crisp, honey-coloured flakes of goodness—that float so gaily in their breakfast bowl of cool milk or cream! Just try Post Toasties for to-morrow's breakfast . . . um-m, how good! And remember, in these crisp golden flakes there's energy to help you start each day aright.

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"John Bull" Readers' Stories

~ 46 ~

LOST

"We tore off our clothes and waved them frantically. . . . We were seen"

BATTLES with murderers, flights from bandits, nightmare terrors in the African bush—these and many other thrills have been related by readers in this series. Yet I'll wager a diamond necklace to a herring's tail that no man has ever had a worse, a more lingering, a more disheartening experience than mine. This is no idle boast; it is simply a statement of fact.

For twelve days I and my mate, Jim Henrick, drifted in a little open boat over the bleak waters of the North Atlantic. Gradually, hour after hour, we watched food supplies and water getting lower, and gradually, as day succeeded day, hope of rescue ebbed.

The fact that I lived through it is shown in my telling the tale. But, if it hadn't been for a rusty jack-knife that I slipped in my hip-pocket at the last moment, the ocean would have grabbed two more victims.

Seven years ago, Jim and myself were part of a crew of twenty-four men aboard the *Evans Wilson*, a fishing schooner trawling cod on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. We had already been out five days, and we reckoned to be home within the week.

So when, on the sixth day, we lowered the nine dories from their snug tie-ups on the deck, we expected that day's fishing to be our last. It very nearly was!

But Jim and I thought nothing of that, and we wondered how much the trip would be worth, as, after we had sailed two miles from the boat, we baited and set our lines.

I was the younger man, I should explain, Jim having three kiddies and giving me ten years. Still, I looked forward to the share-out as eagerly as he.

AND when we went back to the schooner about noon, we found out from Olson, the skipper, that it would definitely be our last day out, so you may be sure our bite of food went down well. Then we clambered down into the dory, set the jib and mainsail, and prepared to get back to the trawls.

But just before I went down I noticed a jack-knife lying on the deck. One of the crew had obviously dropped it, and so I picked it up. That's important.

For one of those white Atlantic fogs settled down after we had sailed for about half an hour, and you might have been blind for all the sight you had.

Five yards away the waves came dashing from out silver steam, and, though we continued by the compass, any attempt to find the nets seemed momentarily useless.

Not that we worried—not at first. Fogs are no unusual occurrence in these waters. Frequently they last no longer than ten minutes, and usually lift within a day at the most.

We had no grounds for thinking we had struck any exception to the rule, and so at nightfall we lowered sail and made ourselves comfortable in the bottom of the boat without any qualms.

Morning would probably find us on a sunlit sea, with the trawls and the schooner both within sight.

Dawn, on the contrary, showed us surrounded by cotton-wool greyness as dense as ever. Clearly, if we wanted our breakfast, we should have to hunt for it. So, judging by the compass, we set out towards the schooner, shouting as we went. No answer came over the waste of waters. Even when we seemed to be on her approximate position, there was no sound.

Thus far we had felt no fear, but now, as we cruised about, shouting desperately, a choking feeling rose in our throats. We looked gravely at each other, yet spoke little. After four hours of this hunting, the realisation could be postponed no longer.

We were lost!

Lost in a dory not 20 ft. long, without water, with four quids of chewing tobacco, six beef sandwiches, the trawl tub, some hanks of rope, four oars, the gaff, jib and mainsail, and a compass alone aboard.

We were wearing oilskins, woollen mitts and thigh-boots—and I had the jack-knife. That was all.

"We'll have to go easy on these sandwiches," said Jim.

"Best up-sail and try to reach St. John's," I commented.

"Might be like this for some time."

"Two or three days, I shouldn't wonder."

NOT for an instant did we imagine ourselves adrift for twelve days. Had we done so, perhaps we should have given up. It was the hope of rescue at any minute that buoyed up our spirits.

That first day I took the steering oar while Jim went forward. We ate half a sandwich and shared a quid of tobacco. The fog did not lift for an instant, but, fortunately, the seas were not rough.

The next day it was different. Linked to the fog, our thirst and our hunger, we had the danger of a storm.

We lost two oars in that turmoil, leaving us almost helpless, hungry, swollen-mouthed and shivering, drenched with the spray and the turbulent waves. I had my work cut out foiling the

The Human Machine Don't Rush It!

DO you do things in a hurry? or do you act with decision and despatch? They're not at all the same thing; for the first is as sure a sign of a weak man as the second is the hallmark of strength.

To do everything in a hurry is no sign of either decision or determination, though it is often mistaken for them. It only indicates restlessness and an inability to concentrate on the real essence of a job; it shows that there is little real grasp of a situation, little foresight and less true energy.

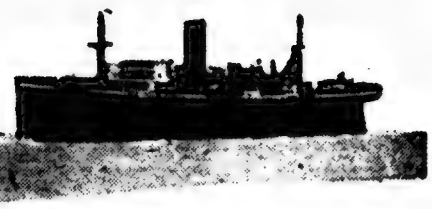
Of course, there is often a great show of energy; but so there is when a squirrel in a cage labours incessantly and gets nowhere! The man in a hurry is in constant motion—but he doesn't get on a single jot; he usually talks a great deal without saying much. He looks into everything—and really sees nothing; and though he has dozens of irons in the fire, very few of them are hot—and with the few that are he usually burns his fingers before he is through.

Despatch means decision—and decision is never the result of hurry. It is always the result of knowing what has to be done and how it has to be done. It is the result of a poised and balanced mind that refuses to be rattled, refuses to be hurried, and refuses to be turned aside until the goal is reached.

To be decisive one must have thought everything out clearly first. To be in a hurry one need never think at all. All one need do is to act hastily and with a complete disregard of consequences—rushing it, just like a bull at a gate.

But what is there clever about that? Any fool can do it. The clever thing is to see the end from the beginning and work towards it without caring what others either say or do.

—in Mid OCEAN



waves as they swept out of the mist, crashing down on the little dory.

Jim was doing his best not to eye the sou'wester that protected the sandwiches, but we had to share one presently. That left four and a-half, stale and hard, but food, nevertheless.

On the third day the pain in our stomachs could not be denied. The half went, and we tried to some extent to satisfy the craving of our tongues by rolling tobacco about our mouths.

I don't mind telling you now that we spoke less than ever. The spectre of hopelessness had appeared in our minds.

"What's the use?" said I. "We must be wide of St. John's."

"We've got to go on," said Jim. "There's nothing else to it."

There wasn't. Folks spoke afterwards of our bravery and our endurance, but actually it was a matter of stubbornness. I wanted to lie down; Jim all the while was trying to make me feel ashamed.

And I suppose that he did, too, to a certain extent, for the next morning, casting about for some means of satisfying hunger and thirst, I saw salvation in the jack-knife.

While Jim managed the oars and the sails, I cut and untwisted some of the rope we had aboard, and knotted it and noosed it, till we had a miniature trawl-net. We caught some fish in it, too, and skinned them and ate them with miniature pieces of bread from the sandwiches.

When it rained, we lay back, letting the water soak into our furred mouths, and filling the sou'wester.

STILL the fog remained. Life had become a nightmare of primitive living, waiting for water from the clouds, hoping more for rain than for the sight of land, holding the one or two fish caught as our dearest possessions. When the sandwiches gave out, and the tobacco, that net was there to save us.

Jim—absurd though it may sound—caught a cold and added to our discomfort with his continual sneezes. It was a small matter, but when a man is weak and helpless, his limbs aching, his feet swollen within his boots, a cold can add a touch that feels like the hand of death.

Both of us had lost all count of time. When night came we dropped the sails and floated with the wind. When day returned, we took turns between the sails and oars. We struck squalls that threatened to overturn and engulf us, and only Providence—another name for God!—can have enabled us to live through it.

One morning we awoke to find one of the oars gone; a roll of the boat in the night must have sent it overboard. Another day I fainted for a few moments, and the other and last oar simply slipped out of my hand.

It seemed to lend the ultimate incident to our luck. We now had little means of steering the dory; we could rely only on chance. And then I caught a lump of ice in the net.

It was food and drink to us, but, at the same time, it seemed like an omen of doom. Drift ice! That meant we were getting northward. There was a possibility of drifting outside the zones of shipping, into the wastes, from which there would be no return.

WE visualised our craft drifting on, carrying us with it, till some day, perhaps, it would touch coast with two dead men. I had nightmares, I know. So had Jim.

When we had completed the daily struggle of hoisting sail, we now took turns in keeping a look-out while the other slept.

The fog, after about six or seven days, lifted occasionally, till about the ninth day it cleared away altogether. Save on one occasion, the spaces of the sea were empty. On that one time, we sighted a boat on the distant horizon.

We waved and shouted and moved in its direction, but presently it went out of sight. Perhaps there was no boat there at all. Perhaps the whole thing was a mirage, such as tortures dying men in the sandy desert.

I know that, myself, I saw things. I saw faces in the fog and I heard cries across the water. And once I found Jim sitting astride me, holding me by the neck. I had attacked him with the jack-knife—God knows why!

Well, so we lived, till the morning of that twelfth day. We had despaired of rescue. In our more optimistic moments we had visualised a landing after many months, or else a lifetime afloat, living on fish, till we died of old age. (You can gather from this some idea of our delirious condition!)

At saner times, we thought of the folks at home, how rough it would be on Jim's kids—and I wondered whether I should be much of a loss to my friends.

On that twelfth day we both felt so weak that we could not stand. The hoisting of the sails seemed an almost impossible task, accomplished only after desperate panting and heaving.

We even lost our sea legs. Up and down went the boat, and sometimes we toppled over as it rocked. Then, at about mid-day, we had a clear sea. A steamer was to the south.

I think that another day adrift would have meant the end of both of us. I think that the sight of that passing vessel fanned the dying flame of life into a frenzy.

We tore off some of our clothes and waved them frantically. We shouted—foolishly, for we could not have been heard across that distance. But we were seen, and presently, to our joy, we realised that the distance between us was diminishing.

I can have nothing but praise for the seamanship of Captain Lewis, of the *Montreal Star*, in getting us aboard. There was every chance of the dory being smashed by the steamer, but presently lines were about us, and we were aboard. We both collapsed on the decks and were carried below.

We had been adrift for over twelve days, some three hundred hours, and had moved 408 miles north of the banks where our schooner had been fishing. A few more miles, and our gravest fear would have been justified, for we should have been off all the usual routes of shipping.

We set out two men of ordinary appearance; we returned shrunken, filthy, bearded. Jim had lost two stones in weight.

The *Evans Wilson*, I should mention, had coasted around in the fog for three days, and our trawl nets had been discovered before hope of finding us was given up.

And Captain Lewis has our utmost gratitude, for, thanks to his method in nursing us, we had practically recovered from our ordeal before we entered the St. Lawrence.

And now, in the centre of Jim's mantelpiece there is a rusty jack-knife that saved two men, while my home-made net is one of my greatest treasures.

Such is the story of the world's two luckiest men.

NEXT WEEK: A reader tells of his experience while alone with an armed madman.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Brave Sufferer

Peter

IN the course of our Fund's work, many brave men and women come across our path, and one of the bravest of them all is three-year-old Peter's ex-Service dad.

He is an out-patient at one of London's famous hospitals, and his surgeon writes: "As he is a particularly worthy man, and a sufferer from an agonising arterial disease which is made much worse by privation, I should be most grateful if you would very kindly consider his case."

Peter's father faces with a brave smile what will be the outcome if his disease is not stayed; both legs will be amputated. "I would have both my legs off to-morrow, if they wanted me to," he said. "I should at any rate get rid of the pain."

He has undergone five operations, and stuck to his work as long as he could. Waking up in the morning with dreadful pain, he would go out to swing a 14 lb. hammer all day on road work, but since 1929 he has been totally incapacitated.

"I just sit indoors with nothing to do," he said, "and I am often awake all night on account of the pain. My wife is one of the best. She helps me out of my misery."

Our readers can do much, also, to help him out of his misery by sending subscriptions earmarked "Peter" to set his dad up in a wayside tea-stall. A self-propelling chair would likewise be a boon.

All donations, whether earmarked or sent to the Fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

WESTERN DAILY PRESS (Bristol):—"Laughing until the CHEERS rolled down her cheeks."

EVENING CITIZEN:—"—— is suffering from NAVAL catarrh."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The total BOATING debt outstanding."

FAVERSHAM AND NORTH-EAST KENT NEWS:—"She carried a posy of red ROES."

WILTSHIRE GAZETTE:—"For those whose lot is cast amidst bricks and MOTOR."

ISLE OF MAN WEEKLY TIMES:—"She went for a FIGHT in the flying-boat."

GIRLS' MIRROR:—"Christmas Eve DAWNED bright and clear."

EVENING HERALD (Dublin):—"The French liner is lying off the China coast after striking a RICK."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"The gas-bag will be filled with the INFLAMMABLE helium, making it possible to have a smoking saloon in the ship."

SUNDAY MAIL:—"But ACTS are better than DEEDS."

HARROGATE HERALD:—"A farmer pleaded not guilty to summonses for failing to have a HIGHWAY with a motor-car."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"Keep your pots and PANTS scrupulously clean."

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"Mrs. —— declared open a garden fête held in the grounds of the HORSE in which she was born."

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A Mother's "Pound of Flesh"

To honour her debt to her mother must she sacrifice the love she bears for her man?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN

Who is JOHN BULL's "Humanist," and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

MY readers send me problems every week by the hundred. Some of them are desperately difficult, in all conscience! There are times when I really wonder what I can say in reply.

So let me suggest an innovation just for this week. It will give some idea of the difficulties that confront me if those who read this page will, for once, assume the rôle of "Humanist." I will quote two letters, and I suggest that, before reading my proposed solutions, my readers should make up their minds what they would say.

Here is letter No. 1. It comes from a girl, who says:

"I am twenty-three. When I was seventeen I urged my mother to allow me to become a teacher. There were only the two of us—my father being dead—and my mother's sole income came from a little shop which she owns. At first she demurred, using this argument: 'I know what will happen. I'll struggle to send you to college, and then you will fall in love and want to get married, and all my hard work and savings will count for nothing!' I assured her that would not be the case.

"At seventeen the idea of marriage seemed preposterous, and I gave an undertaking that, if she paid for my training, I would repay her every penny before I married.

"The worst (I think it the best!) has happened. I have met a man, some years older than myself, who is very anxious to marry me, and I should like to accept his proposal, but my mother is opposed and reminds me of my promise.

"It will take years and years to pay her all I owe, and I can't expect anyone to wait for me so long. It is a vexed problem. It seems to me incapable of solution. Can you throw any light on it?"

This letter shows the attitude of one mother towards her child. Let us look at the second one:

"I am employed as a chemist by a large London firm. My pay is good, but there is little hope of further advancement, either in position or salary. I have recently been offered an important post abroad, which would necessitate leaving England altogether for seven years. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accept this position—with its almost unlimited possibilities—but there is one great obstacle.

"My mother is an invalid woman of seventy, and I am proud to say that I am still the greatest thing in her life. Every day she looks forward to my homecoming with eager anticipation, and I feel sure that if I go abroad the parting would hasten her end. She, however, urges me to go; but then, she has always been unselfish. On the other hand, if I do not accept this offer, I am being unfair to my girl, for I owe it to her to do my utmost for our future happiness.

"My mother keeps pressing me to go, for 'whatever happens,' she says, 'no one can take away my memories, and, whereas I have only a few years to live, you two have your lives before you. You must not stay for my sake.'

"Quite frankly, I feel that I should not go. There is no one more able than you to advise me upon this problem."

Now, if you consider these two problems in the rôle of "Humanist," I think you'll agree they are baffling enough. Anyhow, I wonder if your conclusions are the same as mine?

The first mother seems to be placing her rights before her daughter's happiness. The second makes her son and his future her only consideration.

Which mother is right? And what course should the daughter of the one and the son of the other pursue? Well, let us look at the cases individually.

Before that girl marries, the mother wants repayment of her loan. It is all very well to say that this attitude is selfish. Though I think she is wrong, I can quite understand how she feels. Probably her savings have gone, business is not too good, and she is nearing old age. The money she spent on her daughter's education, which to her now seems wasted, would have been a nice little nest-egg for her declining years.

But if, like Shylock, this woman insists on her pound of flesh, what will happen? Her daughter, obedient to the undertaking she gave when she was seventeen, will, no doubt, continue her work. But with a feeling of bitterness and rebellion in her soul.

ON the other hand, if this girl is allowed to marry, she is never likely to forget her debt of honour. She would, surely, never allow her mother to "come to want." And, instead of having simply the obedience of her daughter, the mother will have, as well, her undying love and gratitude.

After all, what was the purpose of sending her to college? Surely it was to provide her with a suitable and sufficient livelihood. In spite of the wild talk to the contrary, as Dr. Waterhouse has told us: "Mother Nature made her daughters primarily for marriage and motherhood, and nothing can undo what she has done."

But I can hear this mother give one last sigh—"All her college education is to be wasted, then?" Not a bit of it. If the need should ever arise, this girl will have her training at her finger-tips, and there would be many openings in which she could make use of it.

My advice, first of all, is to that mother. Let her be wise and allow her daughter to obey the dictates of her heart. But if, in spite of all I have said, she persistently refuses, I think that girl would be justified in marrying the man of her choice and trying to make up to her mother in some way the debt she owes her.

The second problem is on quite a different level. I can almost see that old mother urging her son to take the chance that has come to him. True motherhood always means self-sacrifice.

It is a very difficult decision to make, but I think he ought to go. Why?

Firstly, because, if he stays, his mother will think she has stood in his light. And that will somewhat dim her happiness. His going abroad does not mean that he will be entirely cut off from her. She will look forward eagerly to his news, and she will feel that she is a partner in his success.

Secondly, because, whereas this young man's present prospects are strictly limited, the new post offers him endless scope.

Thirdly, because this young man is engaged to be married, and, as he rightly says, he owes a duty to his girl. These two have their future to look forward to, whereas his mother, as she so finely puts it, "has her happy memories to live upon."

But, having said that, let me add that seven years seems a long period, even for a post abroad. In these days of quick and easy transport, is it not possible for him to arrange even a brief leave, say, at the end of three years? That would probably give his mother something more to look forward to.

I have not much hesitation in giving advice to a third correspondent, a young married woman, who writes:

"I have one little baby, and my hubby and I were perfectly happy and very devoted to each other until my father came to live with us about two years ago. Since then things have altered rapidly, and my home seems to be falling upon my head. Father thinks I ought to be constantly waiting upon him, while my husband is more or less expected to wait upon himself. We had planned to go down to my husband's home for our holidays, but my father doesn't fall in with this idea at all, as he wants us to go to the seaside with him, as he is getting old and cannot be trusted to go by himself."

This old man needs somebody, preferably an outsider, who will have a straight talk with him. He should be informed that his daughter, and particularly his son-in-law, are acting very decently towards him in letting him live with them. And that kindness must not be abused.

WITH regard to her holiday problem, my correspondent should go away with her husband and baby. And if her father has not any other relations with whom he can stay, a doctor's certificate might be obtained which would enable him to be admitted to a seaside convalescent home, where there would be partial supervision and where he would probably meet people of his own age.

One thing my correspondent must not allow, and that is "her home to fall upon her head." She has a good husband and a baby, and they must certainly come first.

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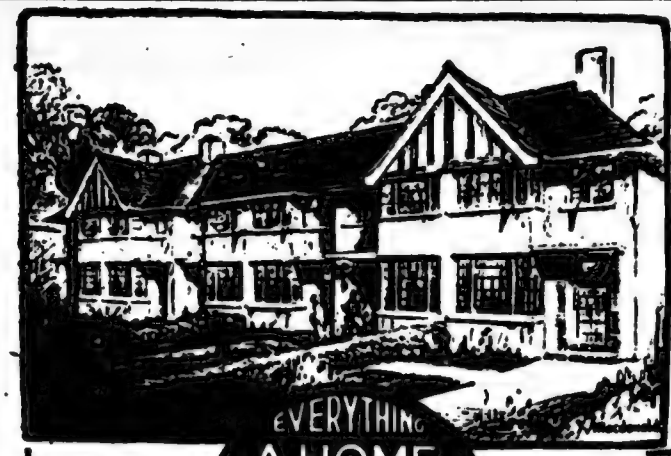

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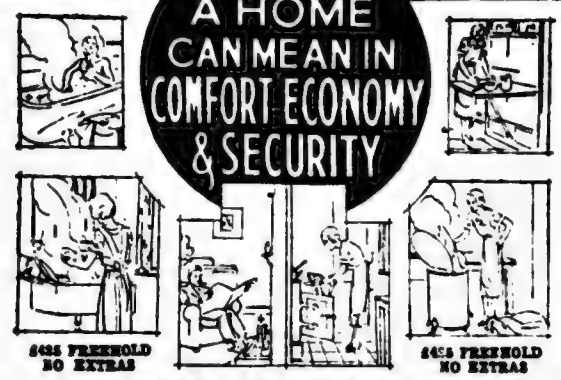

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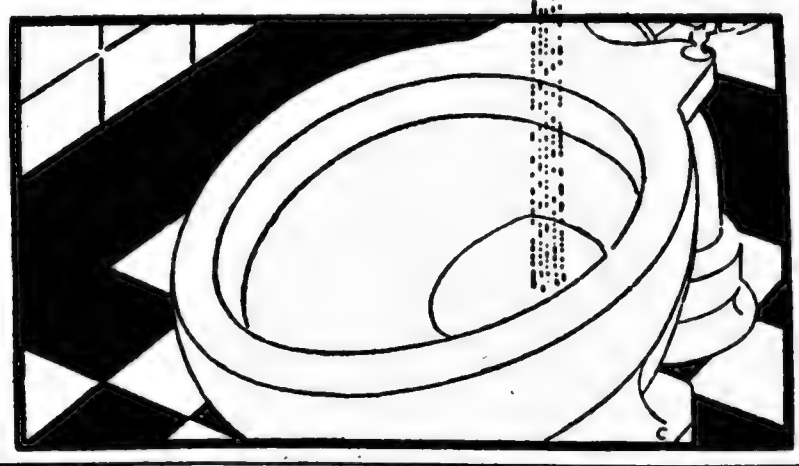

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Pensioned.. by the PRINCE!

Have they been forgotten? Wounded men at a field dressing station after the battle of the Ancre in 1916

—War Wrecks England Forgot

by Colonel John BROWN

(Chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Legion)

TWO years ago the Prince of Wales began a great mission of mercy.

He knew that all over the kingdom are men and women who served their country during the war, and who now are spending the declining days of their lives in poverty and infirmity because of the hardships they then endured.

The stories of their sufferings would bring tears to the eyes, and the sad part of it is that many of them cannot prove that their disablement is directly due to war service, and so they cannot get war pensions.

The plight of these pensionless people so overcame the Prince, who, as everyone knows, gets most of his information first-hand, that he decided something must be done about it.

Then was suggested to him the idea—a special pensions fund derived from the Prince of Wales' Legion Book Fund, and from any other sources he could discover.

Good work begins . .

A sum of £88,500 was immediately available from the Book Fund. And various other donations, including an annual grant of £20,000 from the British Legion, made it possible to provide enough to give pensions of ten shillings a week to 1,175 war heroes for forty years.

And so the good work began.

Now, let us raise the curtain and look at some of the results

"J. S." is an elderly, retired shipmaster. He has had a long and honourable record of service at sea, including the war period. All his employers praise him highly. The Asburnham Steamship and Coal Company testifies that he brought his vessel safely home through one of the worst storms of recent years. He is one of those fine old men who are the backbone of our Merchant Service.

But some years ago he retired from the sea and sunk all his savings in a business in Cardiff. Alas, every penny of it was lost! With all his money gone, no prospects, and only a Merchant Service pension of ten shillings a week, he and his wife decided to commit suicide.

Their case came up before those responsible for the administration of the Prince of Wales' Pension Fund, and the couple were granted ten shillings a week extra, making £1 a week in all. Also application was made to the Homes for Master Mariners at Liverpool, who are granting them a cottage rent free, with coal and light. The Officers' Association is defraying all costs of removal.

Saddest tale of all

Now, with sufficient to keep them in moderate comfort, they have plucked up heart. Let us hope their troubles are over.

Then take the case of "J. O.," of Wrexham, in Wales. His is one of the saddest the trustees have so far come across.

He had served in the Boer War and the Great War, has had sinovitis in his knee since 1918, and osteoarthritis, so that he is totally and permanently disabled. He put in a claim for a war pension, but the Ministry rejected it.

He has three daughters, all deaf and dumb and unemployable. His wife died about a year ago after a long and costly illness which exhausted his small savings.

What was he to do? He could not work; the guardians refused to pay him further allowances, and wanted to send him and his family to the workhouse.

His neighbours took pity on him and came to his assistance. Captain Sir Beachcroft Towes, the blind V.C., sent him a small cheque, and a kind friend took over his house and helped to eke out the nineteen shillings which he got from insurance and Poor Relief.

But obviously such an arrangement could not last. Help came in the form of ten shillings a week from the Prince's Fund, and now "J. O." will not have to go to the Poor Law Institution.

Then there is "P. P.," who served for nearly twenty years in the Royal Naval Reserve, and is now 90 per cent. permanently disabled with sciatica, rheumatism and general debility. He could have been invalided out of the Service when he had a bad attack in 1917, but in his own words he would not "leave his mates with the job half done."

Not long ago, he and his wife and two children were trying to live on ten shillings a week insurance, plus the little they could earn. "P. P." could fish a little in the summer, and his wife cultivated about half an acre of potatoes and reared a few turkeys for Christmas.

It was a sad life for them. Their eldest son had died, their second was dying in a sanatorium, and the third is delicate. But ten shillings a week from the Prince's Fund is already working wonders.

Think, too, of "S. H. B.," who is 100 per cent. disabled from pulmonary tuberculosis. His is a very terrible case. He served right throughout the war, and a short time ago was trying to support a family of nine on insurance pay of £1 11s. a week.

The entire family was suffering from tuberculosis. Already one of his daughters and her husband had died from it, and his eldest son was in hospital. The rest of them were living in one of the famous "Rows" of Yarmouth, which, in the doctor's opinion, was about as bad for tuberculosis cases as could well be imagined.

Ten shillings a week extra may mean a change of residence and a new and brighter life for the whole family.

"J. W. S.," of Bush Street, Bristol, was in even worse circumstances. He was trying to keep alive a family of seven, including five children of school age, on a total income of £1 12s. 6d. a week. After serving in the Boer War and the Great War, he has been unfit for years, and is now 80 per cent. disabled and without a war pension.

Half his tongue has been removed because of cancer, and further treatment is needed to prevent recurrence of this terrible disease. He has now been added to the list of pensioners.

"H. H.," who served as a transport driver for more than nine years in the Army, was 100 per cent. disabled with chronic bronchitis and asthma after being gassed, but the Ministry of Pensions refused his claim, and he was trying to support a family of six on £1 15s. a week.

"J. M.," of Mill Lane, Cardiff, who also suffers from chronic bronchitis and who has had no proper employment for fourteen years, was actually drawing a war pension at one time. But it was stopped in 1922.

Prince's determination

He is classed as "totally disabled," yet he refused to claim Poor Law assistance, and kept himself from starvation for nine years by selling bootlaces in Cardiff market, making about twelve shillings a week out of it, and getting occasional jobs of distributing bills. Once he was put in the infirmary, but he flatly refused to stay there!

Both these men have now been put on the Prince of Wales' pension list.

And so the good work goes on. . . .

Already 687 pensions have been granted, and it is hoped to increase the total to 1,000 by the end of this year.

All applications, whether from British Legion members or not, must be made through the local branch of the British Legion.

There is one thing on which the Prince is adamant.

In no case will a pension be granted if it is to take the place of Public Assistance grants. For the object of the fund is to give pensioners a little extra comfort in their infirmity, and not merely to shift the burden of responsibility for their support.

Even Mother Listens

Just hear Rice Krispies snap and crackle in milk or cream! That's how crisp these toasted rice bubbles are. That's why children love them.

And Kellogg's Rice Krispies are so good for grown-ups too. Nourishing rice. Easy to digest. Always oven-fresh. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green packet.

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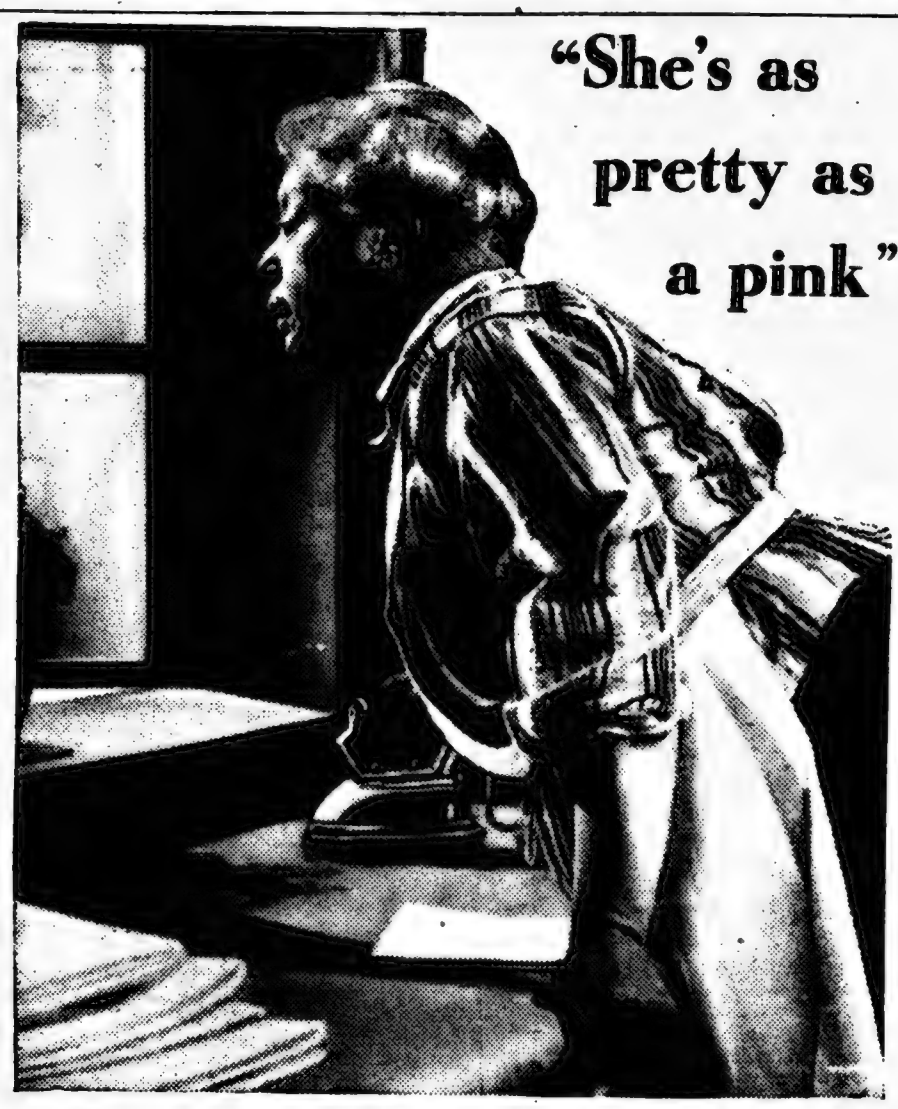

"She's as pretty as a pink"

"That organdie dress of Miss Sheila's suits her down to the ground! It's funny 'ow the old fashions come back. Long skirts—and now starched organdie! Why, it was years since I'd starched an organdie dress! But Robin hadn't lost its touch—brought it up as crisp as a new banknote! I remember a dress I had when I was walking out, Mum . . . but I'd best stop chattering and get on with my work."

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This exclusive feature is the secret of the exact fit of the Van Heusen Collar, which always keeps precisely in place and needs no adjusting. Yet it is the very epitome of comfort, giving ample freedom to the neck. It is "correct wear" among men of taste.

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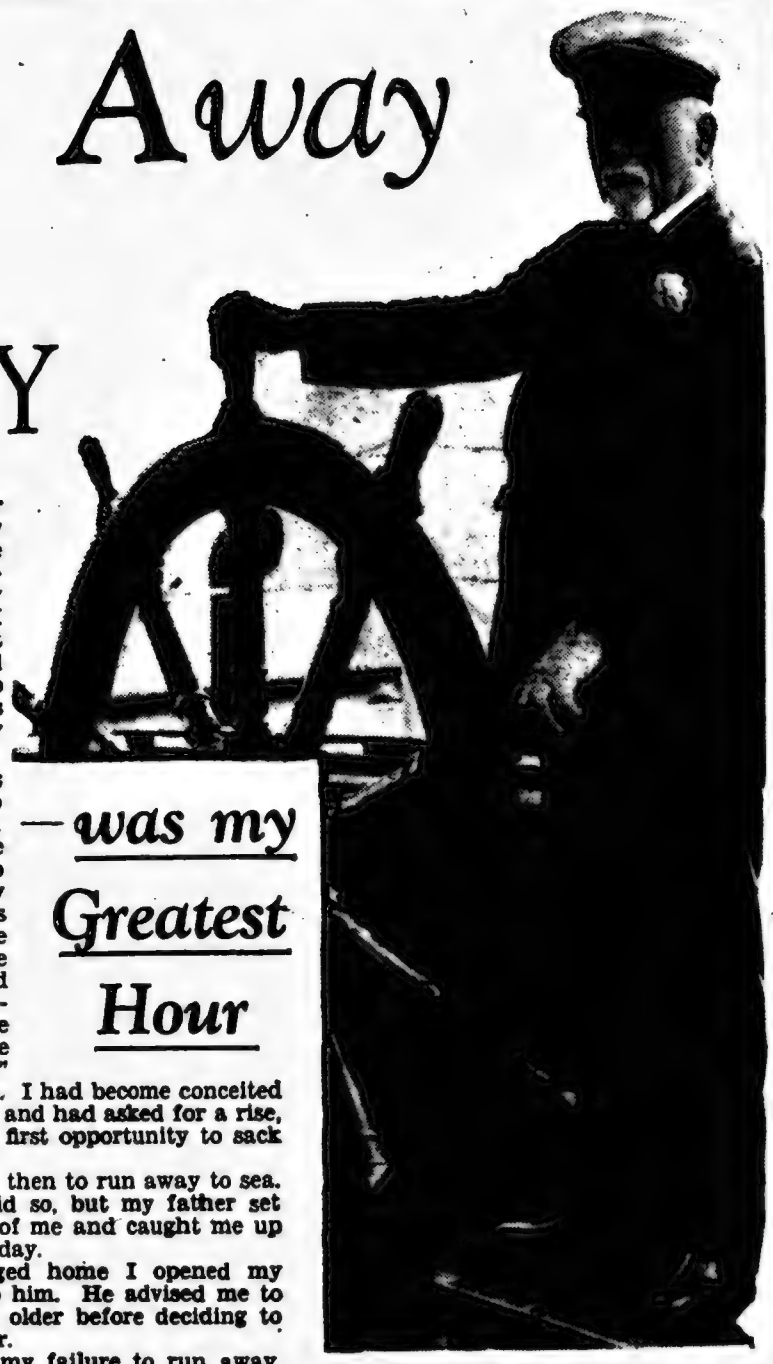
Holsens

LORD RUNCIMAN,* *the Shipping Millionaire, confesses—*

Running Away to be a CABIN-BOY



—was my Greatest Hour

THE greatest hour of my life was when I became a cabin-boy. It seemed to me then that the gates of the world had opened to me and that life could never hold anything sweeter than the achievement of my boyhood ambition.

I became a cabin-boy when I was twelve years of age. My father had been a sailor and I had sailor uncles who used to visit my childhood home when they came back from the sea.

My first longing to ship before the mast came when I was seven and I listened with open eyes to my uncles and my father swapping tales of adventure about their sailing days.

I wanted to be a powder-monkey, as I heard my uncles say that a powder-monkey was a small boy who carried the powder from the magazine to the gun.

But when I confided my great ambition to my parents, they said: "Do not think of the sea as a career. It is a cruel, hard life." And my mother reminded me that she was dead set against any of her children becoming sailors. Her brothers had been pressed into service years before, and this had caused her family severe hardship.

Call of the sea

But I wanted to be a sailor and never stopped dreaming about the day when I would sail the seas before the mast. I dreamed of sudden fame and wealth because I wanted to make things easier for my mother, and I made up my mind that I would make a fortune out of sailoring.

I asked my mother one day if there was any chance of finding a fortune washed up on the beach entangled in a wrecked ship, but she said: "If you are to be wealthy you must have steadiness, perseverance, the will for hard work, good conduct and ability. Riches are not found by the seashore, and success never really comes without hard work. When you grow older you will hear people talk of luck and of becoming successful by chance, but the people who cherish these foolish notions never do much in the world."

I have often thought of my mother's words since that time, more than seventy-five years ago, and I know that she spoke the truth, for I have found that my riches and success have only come to me through hard work and by fighting steadily for the things I wanted.

People still say to me that I have been lucky, but nobody will ever know the fight it was, or about the things I denied myself while I was young.

Mother said "No"

But I am not getting on with the story about my greatest hour. Fate may have had something to do with it, I don't know. All I know is that that great hour is as clear to me now as it was when it happened more than seventy years ago.

I knew that my parents would never willingly let me go to sea. My mother was definitely against it. It seemed incredible to her that anyone would willingly undertake the hardships of a sailor's life, and she was determined to save me from myself. My father had been a sailor up to the day of his marriage, but on marrying my mother he left the sea for ever and got a job on shore.

My parents at the time were hard pressed for money. They had a large family to support and money was scarce. I lay awake at nights and planned how to make things better for my mother.

When I was nine I got a job with a farmer. He paid me 2s. 6d. a week to cut grass, carry water for his horses and drive a cart, but one day he found me sleeping beside the horse trough in the field and "fired" me on the spot. I had become conceited about my work and had asked for a rise, so he took his first opportunity to sack me.

I determined then to run away to sea. Very soon I did so, but my father set out in pursuit of me and caught me up on the second day.

As we trudged home I opened my young heart to him. He advised me to wait till I was older before deciding to become a sailor.

I chafed at my failure to run away, and made a second attempt when I was twelve.

It was a dark, snowy December morning in 1859 when I made this second attempt. I tied a few things in a handkerchief and set out for a North-country port. My little feet made marks in the snow and I feared that my father would soon overtake me. To shake off pursuit I stripped to the waist and waded across a swollen stream of icy water, then hurried on my way.

"Make a man of him!"

I arrived at Blyth safe from pursuit, tired and hungry, and was standing beside a fine-looking ship which lay at the quay, when a smart sailor, dressed like a captain, went aboard. I followed him and asked a sailor standing on deck if they had all the hands they needed.

The man looked at me in amazement and asked why I wanted to know. "Because I am seeking a ship," I told him. "Seeking a ship?" the sailor said. "Where have you come from?" I told him a bit of the truth, and he advised me to get away home. He said they had no room for children.

I waited till the captain came, and shyly asked him if he needed a cabin-boy, and, if he didn't, if he could help me to get a berth aboard ship. The captain laughed at me and said I was too young and delicate-looking. But I was passionate in my pleading for a chance to be a cabin-boy, and told him about my domestic accomplishments which my mother had taught me.

As I was pleading for the job an elderly man joined us, and the captain said: "Here is a young boy pestering me to give him a berth, father."

"Far too young, far too young," said the father. "Get away back to your home. Where is your home? What is your name? Do your parents know you are here?"

The temptation to lie was great, but I told the truth, and the old man and his son gaped with amazement, for they both knew my parents. So the old man said to his son, "Take him, John, and make a man of him."

That was how my dreams came true. That was the very greatest hour of my life. I had attained the longed-for rank of cabin-boy and the gates of the world were opened to me.

I have had the wonderful joy of seeing great speculations come off. I have had the exquisite joy of marrying the girl I had known since we were both five years old. I became the father of the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, the President of the Board of Trade, and I was a captain at twenty-two.

I have beaten many financiers at their own game and have watched three-quarters of a century slip past. I have published eight books and eight logs. I have known great politicians and great artists. . .

But nothing that life has showered upon me since that day seventy odd years ago has brought me anything like the same rapturous joy.

If I could live my life over again I would gladly do so just to re-live that glorious hour when I went aboard the handsome, copper-bottomed brig *Harperley* and tasted the full joy of attaining the rank of cabin-boy.

** In an interview.*

"Nothing else that seventy years of life have showered upon me has brought me anything like the same joy . . ."

HOME *v.* FACTORY

Rosita Forbes has been travelling again! She has had an opportunity of contrasting the woman of Germany, whom Hitler is drawing back into the home, with the woman of Russia, whom Stalin is drawing into the factories.

Her interesting conclusions and the result of her interview with Hitler are published in the *Passing Show* on sale to-morrow, Friday.

Are You Losing YOUR HAIR?

FREE

(1) 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

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Thoroughly cleanses the hair. FREE Burnishing Rinse. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

(3) 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Adds that final polish and finish. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

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Keeps waves in place. Saves £££s on Waving Bills. 1/3. **POPULAR SIZE 7½d.**

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Produces that rare Ash-Blonde effect and imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

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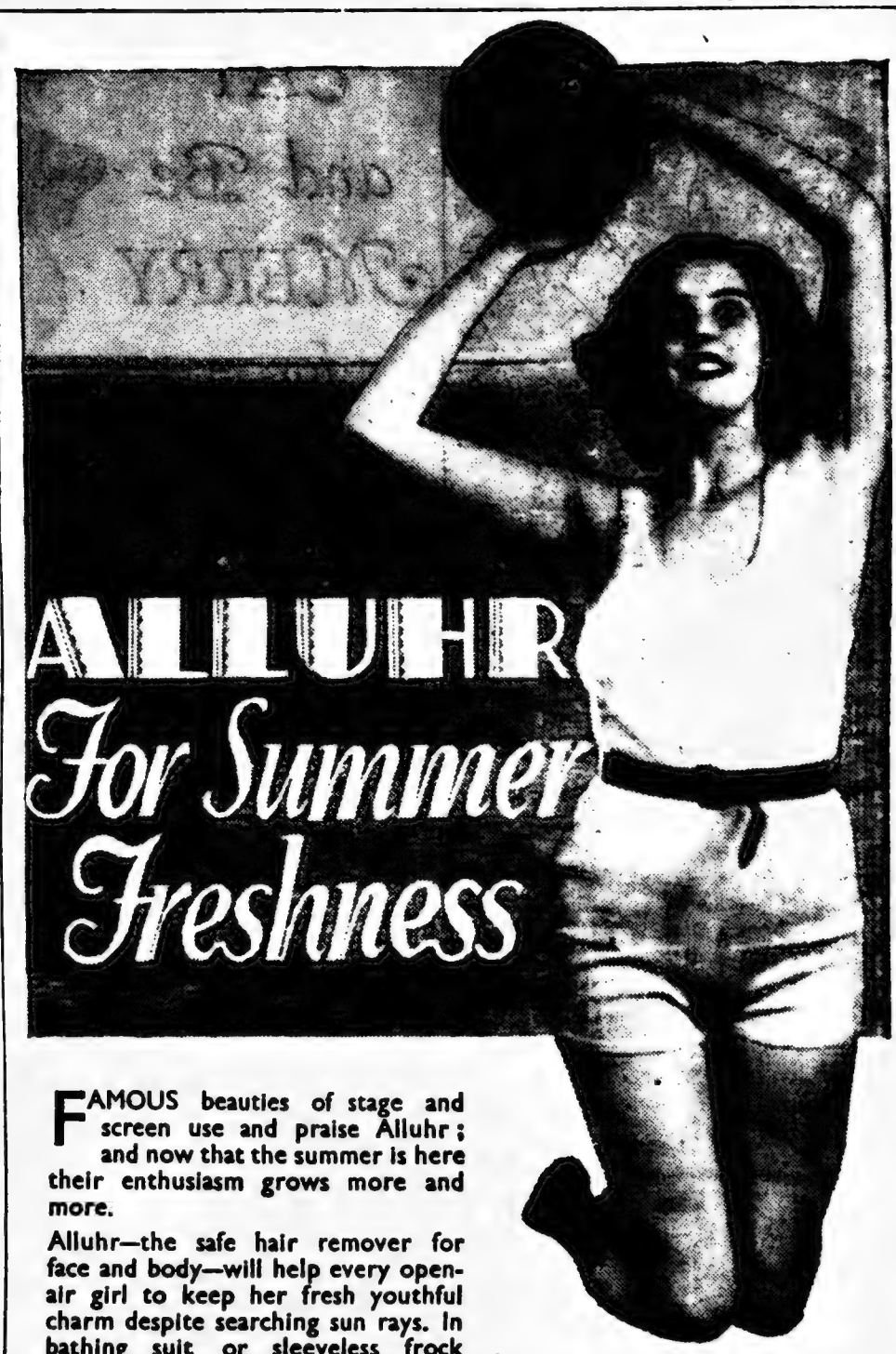

FAMOUS beauties of stage and screen use and praise Alluhr; and now that the summer is here their enthusiasm grows more and more.

Alluhr—the safe hair remover for face and body—will help every open-air girl to keep her fresh youthful charm despite searching sun rays. In bathing suit or sleeveless frock with bare arms or with bare legs, every Alluhr-girl feels safe from embarrassment, glorying in a skin free from blemish.

Alluhr is such a pleasure to use, so safe, so sure, so speedy. In less time than a bath takes to fill, Alluhr will remove all unsightly, unwanted hair, leaving a delicious sense of well-being. Alluhr is guaranteed harmless, in fact its beneficial properties—it is the only hair remover containing Zapon oil—will leave the skin smooth and supple, white and cool.

Alluhr is economical too—it lasts five times as long as other hair removers; it discourages regrowth where the razor encourages a dark stubbly bristle. Another big point which has done much to make Alluhr so popular is the absence of strong and unpleasant odours.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Purchase a box of Alluhr to-day from your retailer. If it is not all that we guarantee, return the box within 7 days, and your money will be refunded in full.

Read what Miss Elsie Randolph—the Famous Film Star says of "Alluhr":—

"I have found to my delight that besides being painless and harmless, 'Alluhr' leaves the skin white and beautifully supple, giving a delicious sense of well-being."

Elsie Randolph

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THE SAFE HAIR REMOVER FOR FACE AND BODY

6D and 1/-

or 2/6 with brush

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. In case of difficulty in obtaining locally, write: ALLUHR BEAUTY PRODUCTS, LTD., (Dept. 513), 1, Hardwick St., London, E.C.1

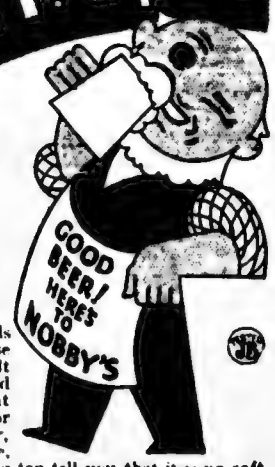
Use also "ALLUHR" DEODORANT

IT CHECKS PERSPIRATION—IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND AFFORDS COMPLETE PROTECTION FOR DRESSES AND UNDIES.

Per large bottle **1/3** or Dainty handbag size **6D.**

REAL BEER at a 1d. a pint

make it at home



Home brewing needs no skill if you use Nobby's Barley Malt and Hops. You add water, let it ferment and it is ready for bottling. Its clear, golden-brown sparkle, rich body and foaming top tell you that it is no soft drink. Its nutty, healthful flavour is what you expect when you sit down to a drink.

You can make Beer or Stout.

Nobby's is supplied in two varieties; Light for making ale and Dark for making stout. Nobby's saves money. The 6d. tin makes 6 pints; the 1/- tin makes 12 pints; and for 2/6 you get 32 pints. A 7 lb. tin makes 112 pints.

Sold by Chemists, Boots, Timothy White's, Taylors, Grocers and Multiple Stores.

Ask your chemist, grocer or stores for

NOBBY'S BARLEY MALT AND HOPS

NOBBY'S PRODUCTS LTD

4 Cannon St., Manchester

"My Corns disappeared"

AFTER 10 YEARS SUFFERING

"For over ten years I have suffered with corns, callouses, tired and tender feet. On the pads of both feet I had corns as large as half crown pieces. I tried 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a foot-bath and cannot tell you the relief it has given me. It's a treat to be able to walk in comfort instead of falling along as I used to."

(Signed) J. C. B., Seven Kings, Essex.

Merely dissolve a small handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a bowl of hot water; rest the feet in it and you will enjoy instant relief; aches, tiredness, and tenderness disappear immediately, while hard, painful corns are softened so they trouble you no more. 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' is obtainable of any chemist at 1/6, large YELLOW packet. Its use will ensure healthy feet that are always comfortable.

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Fit all machines.

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Readers can test, free of charge, any 3 of the world-famous Harlene products offered on p. 27. Simply attach the Special Sample Coupon to your name and address and enclose stamps for postage, etc.

EAT and Be MERRY for— OUR FOOD is Safer To-day

The meat porter's clean white hat means safer food for you

FOOD poisoning! The words have a sinister ring.

Every now and then the country is alarmed by the news that somebody—and sometimes a number of persons—has died as the result of a poison, as deadly as anything on the chemist's shelf, which has infected some everyday article of diet.

But the very alarm that such tragedies causes is evidence of their rarity.

Although this is an age of canned and potted foods, substitutes, concentrates and foodstuffs got up in other forms not even dreamed about in the old days, the truth is that our food to-day is almost without exception safer than it ever was.

And this happy state of affairs has been brought about by the vigilant eye that is kept on the nation's food.

Day after day, in the holds of cargo boats, the wagons of freight trains, factories, warehouses and shops, that unsleeping eye is watching. It watches your flour, your milk, your bread, every article of diet that will find its way to your cupboard.

It doesn't even stop at that. Every single article that comes into contact with the human mouth, every material with which foodstuffs come into contact during the manufacture, storage or display, comes under its surveillance.

The paper that binds a child's chocolate cigarette, the polish on a grain of rice, the rind of a cheese, the wrappings of countless articles, even the purple ink that says "I love you" on a sugar-motto, are part of its concern.

If a careless shopkeeper were to hang a strip of liquorice over a window fitting that might contaminate it, this strict and incessant eye is supposed to notice the fact, so that all the resources of modern laboratories could be used to find out whether the health of children was being endangered as a result.

THE eye watches meat porters who carry goods on their heads to make sure they wear hats of stated pattern that are washed at stated intervals.

It searches the cargo space of oil-burning ships to see that nothing that can be contaminated by oil is carried in them.

It inspects the walls of certain food warehouses to see that they are treated with the right finish, and that it is applied at regular enough intervals—and the utensils, to see that they are clean.

It spots out a bottle of poison on the shelf of a food factory—left there perhaps as a disinfectant, a fly-killer, or by accident—and orders its instant removal just in case a careless mixer should one day make a mistake. Because certain foods might absorb arsenic or other poisons from other articles with which they might come into contact, it takes care that such goods never come together, in manufacture, in transit, or in the shop. It even keeps oranges out of the way of certain fatty goods because, while oranges are tasty enough in themselves, they can pass on a taint that is indescribably nauseating to goods that they "don't like."

Too fastidious? Too particular? Well, let us look over a few of the more recent food "scares" and see.

SAMPLES of a universally used beverage made by a highly reputable firm, purchased at many different shops, were found to contain arsenic. It used only the very best ingredients, and it was well known to the authorities that it spared no expense in ensuring the purity and freshness of its goods.

The watchful eye found the arsenic before any real harm had been done. And within twenty-four hours it had found the cause as well.

This firm's anxiety to improve its goods had done the damage. In order to ensure greater cleanliness it had adopted a new process of treating its product in huge glass containers. Owing to the process, arsenic that had been used in the manufacture of the glass was transmitted to the product.

Within another twenty-four hours the manufacturers had withdrawn all their consignments from the retailers and destroyed it, and had kicked the offending glass containers out of their factory.

On another occasion a sweet bought extensively for children was found to be tainted with arsenic. Again the watchful eye looked round for a reason and found it. The makers had made a practice of dusting their confections with fine, white sugar. It made them cleaner, they thought, and more palatable.

Then one day one of the workers found some white powder that seemed to have wandered away from the main consignment. And quite innocently—for it had never been taken into the factory to be used for the manufacture of sweets—he dusted some of the sweets with what was really white arsenic!

In a third case of poisoned food, the taint was traced to a quantity of chemicals against which it had stood at the port of entry.

This work of watching—work that undoubtedly saves many lives every year—is not, as is popularly supposed, the work of a Government department.

It is carried on by local authorities throughout the country—those 230 public bodies, that is, which are empowered to employ food and drug inspectors. It is only Governmental in the sense that the work is supervised by the Ministry of Health, which centralises an enquiry whenever it is necessary.

The employees of the different authorities work as perfect teams.

There is the Medical Officer of Health, armed with the widest powers where the well-being of citizens is concerned; the sanitary officer, whose title defines his share of the work; the assistants of both; the indoor and outdoor food and drugs inspectors; and last but by no means least, the county analyst who says exactly what is wrong with an article.

There are others, where necessary, such as the port medical and sanitary authorities employed wherever food enters the country.

What strangely diverse work theirs is. In the last year reviewed they found copper in the gold tip of chocolate cigarettes, talc as a facing to rice, dilution even in the case of pepper, cream made solely of starch and sugar, jam doctored with string in one case and oil-seeds in another, arsenic in several kinds of beer, sand in spice, cinnamon, chicory and mixed herbs, and the wrong preservatives in a host of foods in which preservatives can be used.

Both the wicked and the careless are alike to be found out by the watchful eye—and both types are blameworthy. Even the man who sold as coffee and chicory an article that was really pure coffee was guilty of misdescription, although a very different type from the man who not only sold milk deficient in fat, but both coloured it and added formalin into the bargain.

The food inspectors "caught out" milkmen in 4,507 different cases; but makers of condensed milk came through the tests with flying colours. Although 1,309 different samples were analysed, because condensed milk has to have a standard of strength as well as purity, only fifteen were adversely reported on, and in six of these cases it was only a matter of improper labelling.

The watchful eye even appealed to the cow. Yes, the "appeal-to-the-cow" test is the actual official phraseology used to describe it. If milk has been found deficient in any way in shops or in transit, inspectors can be made to appeal to the cow—to make their tests, that is, beside the accused animal, a moment after she has been milked.

IN justice to our most useful animal of the fields, let it be said that of 741 of them suspected in this way, all but 290 proved their honour by providing, on the spot, milk with which the most fastidious inspector could find no fault.

Huge quantities of impure and adulterated foodstuffs were condemned and destroyed during the year, and the penalties imposed ranged from small fines to terms of imprisonment. And not merely to "find work for inquisitive inspectors," as so many opponents of pure food legislation make out.

Because of this work very few people die nowadays from food poisoning compared with the old days, despite what our grandfathers say about the "plain, pure, nourishing food they ate when *they* were young."

The "good old days" are a myth in the matter of food, as they are in many other ways.

Speedmen and Club Riders

will find a tyre and a saddle, for every event and occasion in the comprehensive Dunlop range of speed tyres.

Particular attention should be paid to the greatly improved TUBULAR SPRINT No. 3 and the recently introduced SPRITE.

THE SPRITE
2¼ ozs. lighter than the next lightest Road Racing Cover in the Dunlop range. The fastest, lightest and liveliest tyre of its type. Open-sided with a black tread pattern of fine circumferential ribs. Rolling resistance is reduced and the fine ribs prevent side slip and mud throwing. In two sizes, 26" x 1¼" and 26" x 1¾". Cover 7/6 Tube 3/-

TUBULAR SPRINT No. 3
Dunlop Tubulars have been greatly improved in design and manufacture with the result that power consumption has been considerably reduced. Dunlop Treads are specially shaped before being vulcanised and definitely retain their full width when the tyre is inflated. In four types with smooth or file treads. Price 16/-

NO MORE SADDLE SORENESS

if you fit Dunlop waterproof saddles. Anatomically shaped with special "Comfort" channel, enabling you to complete the longest run without a trace of discomfort.

H.39 Special Speed Model. Size of seat 11¼" x 6¼". Black flexible top with anatomical channel. 2 wire frame riveted to back plate. Special clip with hardened steel side plates. Enamelled two coats. Price 12/6

DUNLOP

Always the Leader

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. *Branches throughout the World.*

3H/523 C.F.H.

WONDERFUL HEALTH OFFER

World Famous Remedy for

RHEUMATISM

Stiff Joints, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and Gout Now Sold under GUARANTEE that you

BENEFIT or PAY NOTHING

Get from Any Chemist a 1/3 Bottle of

BELTONA

Brand Lotion

Mr. Belton, discoverer of Beltona Lotion, who announces the policy of GUARANTEED PAIN RELIEF to-day.

use half the contents as directed, and if you have not begun to feel benefit, such as Relief from Pain, some Loosening of Stiff Muscles and Joints, and General ease of Movement, then you may return the remainder to Beltona Ltd. and the 1/3 will be REFUNDED IN FULL.

THUS is announced one of the most important events in the history of healing. A world-famous Remedy—Beltona Brand Lotion—is to be sold under a definite GUARANTEE OF BENEFIT or NO COST to the sufferer.

Beltona Brand Lotion takes the sting out of Rheumatism in a few minutes—reduces swellings—gives more movement to fixed or stiff joints. Each time it is applied it sinks deeper, washing out more uric acid and chalky deposits—bringing permanent improvement and very often complete recovery even after years of suffering and helplessness, as in the cases reported below.

Beltona Lotion has therefore become the treatment recognised by Doctors, Nurses, Osteopaths and Chemists for Rheumatism and almost every form of painful, inflammatory and joint-locking disorder.

Beltona Lotion attacks the cause of the pain and swelling—the irritating poisons in the tissues—in the most direct way. It soaks through the pores like ink into blotting paper, bringing ease to nerves and muscles.

No matter whether you have suffered severely for years or are completely helpless, or whether you have only occasional slight twinges of rheumatic pain. There is no need to suffer needlessly with Beltona Lotion available, under guarantee of No Benefit—No Pay.

7 Years Bedridden

Minister Reports a Modern Miracle.

Mr. Tom Lucas to-day, after Beltona had raised him from his bed.

Congregational Church, Harwich,
Minister, Rev. C. H. Newland.

June 21, 1933.

My Dear Sirs,

It is my pleasure to report to you one of the most amazing cases on record. One of my people, Mr. Tom Lucas, of 5, George Street, Harwich, Essex, has been a victim of rheumatism in its most acute form.

He has been helplessly bedridden for seven years, during which time no treatment brought relief; and the most sanguine amongst his friends saw no hope of a cure. He has recently tried a course of Beltona, and an improvement was speedily registered—a growing strength in his limbs, an increasing suppleness in his joints, and a decrease of pain.

I called upon him a fortnight ago, and instead of being a helpless bedridden cripple he walked unaided round the room. I called upon him last evening, and he himself answered the door and let me in.

This man's case is nothing short of a modern miracle, and there is every hope that by further constant use of your "Beltona" his recovery may be complete.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Charles H. Newland.

2 YEARS CRIPPLED

Walked in 7 Days

Mrs. Luxford with the invalid chair for which she has no further use—thanks to Beltona.

102, St. Awdry's Road, Barking, June 22, 1933.

"Your wonderful Lotion has brought me back the use of my hands and legs. For 3½ years I have been afflicted with Rheumatism, and for two years have been a complete cripple. I could not even lie down or sit up in bed, and could only go out when wheeled in an invalid chair by my daughter. My hands and knees were swollen to a terrible size, and I had to be waited upon in every way. I could not even brush my hair.

Seeing your Lotion mentioned in a newspaper, I started to rub Beltona into one knee. In less than a week I walked downstairs by myself, and my children almost cried with joy to see me on my feet again. It was 3½ years since I could go up or down, except on my hands and knees. I can now even hold a needle and sew.

Mrs. S. LUXFORD.

Chemists everywhere sell Beltona (Brand) Lotion under the above stated guarantee of No Relief—No Pay, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, Needham's, Squires, etc. Price 1/3, 3/- (3 times 1/3 size) and 5/- (Double 3/- size) per bottle. Should your chemist not stock it, you can obtain it in 3/- or 5/- sizes (post free) from BELTONA, LTD., High Street, Heddesdon, Herts.

NOTE: No proprietary right is right is claimed in this preparation apart from the registered trade mark "Beltona."

YOUR HEALTH MAY COST YOU YOUR JOB!

Physical fitness means everything to you—why go on taking risks that may cripple you for life—why suffer or be inconvenienced needlessly? Wear a "Litesome" Belt—a fine investment and the best and cheapest "Health Insurance" possible. Gently braces and supports the abdominal muscles and helps prevent rupture, strain, chills, and conserves your vital energy. Invaluable help in varicocele, bladder troubles, etc., and for the elderly. Start wearing one to-day and enjoy the full healthy life! Soft, light, easy, washable. 6/6 at Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, etc., or direct. The Litesome Co. (Dept. J.B.), F. H. BENTLEY LTD., Victoria Park Works, Keighley.

BANISH THE RISK OF RUPTURE

Litesome
NEW TYPE, HYGIENIC
BODY BELT

Supersedes Suspensory Bandages, Belts, Straps, etc.

POST YOUR FILMS TO Will Rose

AND GET "MAGNA PRINTS"
(The Prints that are magnified) (Registered)
CHESTER: 23, Bridge Street Row.
OXFORD: 133/134, High Street.
CHELTENHAM: 23, Promenade.

Over 60,000 Receiving Stations. Your nearest Pillar Box or Boots Branch is one of them.
Write for list J.B.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 27.

THE TAKY WAY

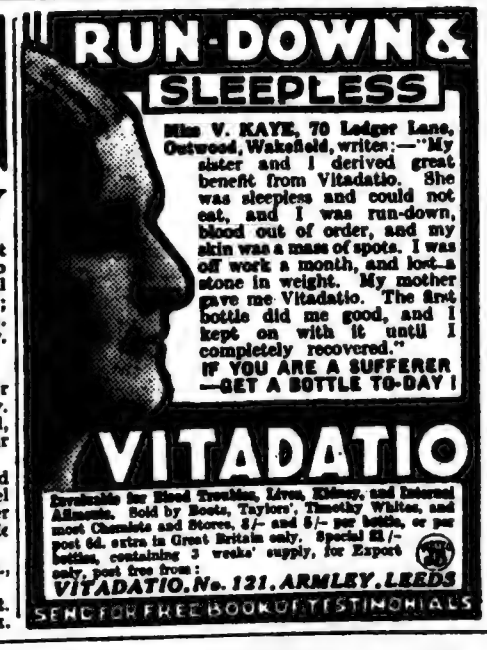
Modern research has at last discovered the ideal way to banish ugly hair. A crystal clear liquid; easy to apply; quick and clean in action. Try Liquid Taky to-day.

GUARANTEE
Ask your Chemist or Stores for Liquid Taky. If not entirely satisfied, return to us and your money refunded.

Liquid Taky 1/9 and 2/6. The latter model is fitted with rubber applicator—and double size too.

Also Creme Taky, 6d., 1/3 and 1/9.

C. ROGER LABS, LTD. (Dept. B.11), 15, Great James St, W.C.1.



Miss V. KAYE, 70 Ledger Lane, Outwood, Wakefield, writes:—"My sister and I derived great benefit from Vitadatio. She was sleepless and could not eat, and I was run-down, blood out of order, and my skin was a mass of spots. I was off work a month, and lost a stone in weight. My mother gave me Vitadatio. The first bottle did me good, and I kept on with it until I completely recovered."

IF YOU ARE A SUFFERER —GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

VITADATIO

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidneys, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from:

VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

BLUE AUTOMATIC

A thin slow-burning watermarked Paper for those who prefer a minimum of paper round the tobacco.

RED AUTOMATIC

Thicker than the Blue and more opaque. A paper as used in the highest class packet cigarettes or also Cork Tipped, Gold Tipped or Licorice Papers.

Whichever you choose, each is pure as the snow which, melting, comes down from the mountains crystal clear and is diverted to the Rizla Paper Mills there to play its part in the manufacture of

THE WORLD'S FINEST PAPER with the WORLD'S LARGEST SALE.

RIZLA

The paper whose superiority has never been in question over 150 years.

PRICE 1D PACKET CORK OR GOLD TIP PAPERS 1½

RIZLA

RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS. 132, Great Portland Street, W.1

NO AGENTS THE BIG TWO NO AGENTS

SECURE LONG ODDS NOW FOR THE

ST. LEGER

Send for Long Odds Ante-Post Price List.

ONE SHILLING

up to any amount may be invested by LETTER

in accordance with rules.

STARTING PRICE

Commissions bearing a time stamp up to the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Tote Returns as desired.

NO LIMIT — Win or Place

Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems, —all accepted.

Send us your name for our Mailing List.

No agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

I Found a Friend-in-Need . . .

BEING lost on a lonely country road, I made my way to a house where a light was burning. An old man answered my knock, and, after telling him my plight, he produced a lantern and took me into the main road.

On leaving me, he put out the light, much to my surprise, but after enquiring why he had done so, he informed me that the light was of no service to him as he was blind.

The old man wished me "Good-night" and a safe journey and returned to his cottage.—*F. G., Keighley.*

Native's Diagnosis

Admitted to hospital in India during the 'flu epidemic of 1918, I found doctors at a premium. I lay all day under one blanket, shivering with malaria, among 'flu patients.

A native orderly came along, and seeing my condition, was very sympathetic. "Me know, sa'b," he said: "you got fever, not 'flu," and immediately brought me additional blankets and a dose of quinine.

That night a doctor told me that I was saved from chronic malaria by the prompt treatment administered by my coloured friend.—*J. R. R., Carlisle.*

Neighbourly

When my husband lost his work, we had to move into a smaller house.

The neighbours were not the kind I had been used to, so I didn't try to get to know them. Then sickness came, myself and family being stricken down with influenza and pneumonia.

The neighbour whom I had shunned most came in, brought her own coal, made fires, sent for a doctor, and nursed us all back to health.

When I mentioned that I could not pay her, her answer was: "Lord, missis; it's only neighbourly."—*"Snob," Warrington.*

Cheering Message

I was stranded, with but 15s., in a Kentish town. The man with whom I had been travelling as saleswoman and demonstrator had gone, taking all our stock and apparatus.

With a particular machine I could execute some orders, but the machine cost 30s., and meanwhile I must live.

Then I thought of my friend in London. How good to ring her up and hear her cheery 'Come along here; I'll fix you up."

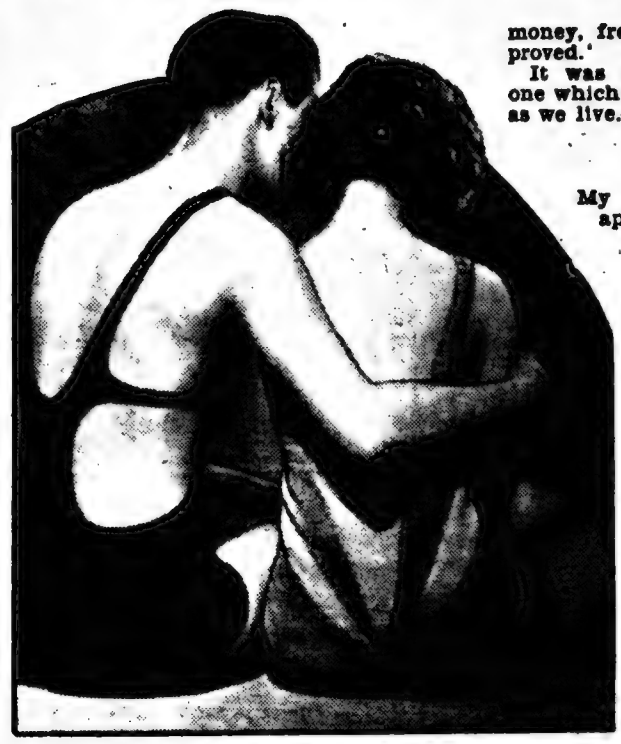
Thirty shillings, and a few nights' lodgings. Not much perhaps, but looking back from my comparative security today I know I can never repay her.—*E. M., Wallington.*

Ten Happy Years

At the close of a lawsuit, my husband, who was the unsuccessful litigant, died suddenly, leaving me destitute.

A friend in Kenya, hearing of my misfortune, cabled for me to go out to her as help-companion. She booked my passage, supplied money for my immediate necessities, and travelled miles to meet me on arrival.

Ten happy years have slipped away since then; a short holiday is drawing to a close, and I am eagerly anticipating the day when I shall once again be at the "back o' beyond," clasping the hand of the finest woman in the world.—*"East Africa," Salop.*



"I was alone no more"

He Fell for Her

The beach was crowded, but I was miserably alone. I should never have come for this seaside holiday without a companion, I kept telling myself. Oh, how I needed a friend! Then——

I found him! In fact, he tripped over my outstretched legs as he was hurrying down to the sea and fell sprawling beside me. . . .

After that—well, I was alone no more during that holiday, or in the years that since have passed, for I am the wife of the "man who fell."—*Mary, Carlisle.*

Not So Shabby

I had just lost my job on a newspaper, and strolling aimlessly along I ran against a shabby man whom I knew slightly in Fleet Street. I told him I was "out" and pretty worried about it.

"Why not go and see Mr. X.?" he said; "he's starting a new daily."

I went, found I had been recommended to him by a popular novelist, and got a job.

I have never met again the shabby man to thank him for his good offices, but he was my friend-in-need.—*L. E., London.*

Ever Remembered

My husband was taken suddenly very ill and rapidly became unconscious. We were in business, and it was wages day. He had been taken to hospital, and was, of course, unable to sign a cheque.

A man who heard of our trouble, but who we knew only as a neighbour, came up and offered to advance the necessary money, free of interest, until things improved.

It was such an unexpected kindness, one which will never be forgotten as long as we live.—*A. S., Bristol.*

Not a Snob

My wife had an operation for appendicitis and a severe attack of influenza followed. Our doctor then told me that unless she could have three months by the sea, consumption was likely to set in.

Out of my income this was impossible, but a wealthy neighbour, whom I had always regarded as a snob, came to our aid. She offered my wife the free use of a cottage near Ilfracombe, and paid a maid to look after her.

Thanks to her generosity, my wife is now a normally healthy woman.—*"Thankful," Tipton.*

Full Time

When I married it meant leaving my home and friends to live in a town where I was a complete stranger, and I began to feel homesick.

I was wishing I could find a nice friend to speak to, when a woman called and asked if I would like to help with some good work that she was doing.

I did, and since then I have found a real friend-in-need, as she has never let me have one dull moment.—*E. C., Enfield.*

Wound Healer

My son was accidentally killed at Whale Island on December 11, 1930. His closest friend, whom I had seen but once, proved his friendship at a time of very great trouble. He helped us in every way possible, and more so by his love and sympathy.

Not only then, but now, he still tries to heal the wound so deeply felt. He has, as far as possible, tried to take my son's place, as also to be a brother to my other children.—*A. M. S., Windsor.*

Stage Father

As a stage-struck young girl—the doors of my home shut behind me—I had the good fortune to become a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Mr. Kenneth Barnes, the principal—brother of Violet and Irene Vanbrugh—was like a father to me then.

He taught me that acting was not only a great art, but a great responsibility, kept my feet in the right path, and finally obtained work for me with his sister Violet, now one of my best and truest friends.—*E. H., London, S.E.*

* * *

I am no mechanic, and soon began to despair of getting home when my car broke down. An old tramp appeared and soon found the trouble, and refused to take more than a shilling. "I was an engineer once, earning good money," he said.—*L. H., Rugby.*

My mother died when I was only three, and my father had to enlist. Then a complete stranger took me to join her family of six and gave me a good home.—*Mrs. B., Leicester.*

Left an orphan, and with nearly three years to serve of my apprenticeship, my employer provided me with a good home, clothes and pocket-money until I could earn for myself.—*G. R., Maesteg.*

At the age of twelve I was the terror of the village and the despair of my widowed mother. One day the village policeman caught me red-handed. He talked to me like a father, showed me the error of my ways and made a man of me.—*C. A., Barnsley.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, August 1.

The Ordeal I Never Want Again

Race with "Silver Ring"

Backers' Rights

JUDGING from the contents of my mail-bag, in the majority of cases bookies and backers have adjusted their little disputes amicably.

I have raised this subject owing to the fact that one of my Code followers who backed Hevusina when she won for us at Chester at 8 to 1, and was on her again recently at Newmarket when she did us another good turn, also at "eights," writes: "I cannot get my winnings. Have I any rights?"

Some good may result from the findings of the Lotteries and Betting Commission, but until the Gaming Act is altered the backer has no rights.

He can press a claim in the courts, but the layer can plead the Gaming Act and get away with it.

Betting in ring enclosures is not illegal, but the Gaming Act does not say it is legal, and again, if it came to a lawsuit, the layer would probably win.

Taking a case to "Tatt's"—it costs a hearing fee of two guineas, which may be refunded—is one of the best ways of settling a dispute. Both sides get a fair deal and the loser abides by the decision. Should he fail to do so, he is apt to be posted as a defaulter.

The big advertisers are as safe as the Bank of England, but one must carry out their rules.

If you intend to bet with a man in a small way of business, write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service. We shall probably know if he is genuine.

A bright card at Alexandra Park follows on Goodwood. Nestorian, Hosanna and Stop Gap look a likely trio to bet on.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 27, to Wednesday, August 2.

A	Q	C	93	B	94	M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O
K	H	J	I	95	E	D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

IN 1 DAY'S POST

Grateful Tributes To "Dr. Cassell" from YORKSHIRE

2, Woodwell Street,
Batley, Yorks.

I suffered terribly from Sleeplessness and Indigestion for about three months. At last I saw your tablets advertised, and tried a small bottle. They did me a world of good . . . they are wonderful and I shall always recommend them to anybody who suffers. I have been in **constant health** since first taking them, and I shall never be without them.

Mrs. A. Hughes

WILTSHIRE

24, Tugela Road,
Chippenham, Wilts.

For ten years I suffered from **general debility**; what with awful Depression, Faintness, constant Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Nerve Trouble, you can imagine my life was a **misery**. My stomach was out of order as well. I tried all kinds of medicines and took 16 bottles of mixture. Then finally, on the advice of a friend, I tried Dr.Cassell Tablets. I **very soon** felt the benefit; and I can now eat and sleep well and am putting on weight. People think I am a marvel; Cassells always keep my nerves and stomach in order, and for the past six years I have had no other treatment. I shall never grow tired of praising their value and goodness.

(Mrs.) Estelle Edwards

STAFFORDSHIRE

Hilton Road,
Landywood, Walsall, Staffs.

When I was 50, I suffered acutely from Rheumatism, which left behind Debility, Nerviness and Morbid Dreads, Pessimism and High Blood Pressure. Eventually I started taking Dr. Cassell Tablets, and in **three short weeks** I felt much better. I carried on with the simple treatment, and, I am pleased to say, am now in splendid health. Dr. Cassell Tablets are a wonderful restorative and reconstructive in physical and mental exhaustion, and I can heartily recommend them to all sufferers. If I feel run down, I at once procure a supply of Tablets. They are a veritable tonic.

W. C. Wright.

Secure a 1/3 bottle of Dr. Cassell Tablets at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

Just three letters from ONE DAY'S postbag!

ALL CHEMISTS 1/3 & 3/-

Dr. Cassell Tablets

BRAND

GOING AWAY?—LET X-WORDS PAY—ENTER TO-DAY!

20/- A WEEK FOR LIFE
AND
£200
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500
AND
£20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE
COMMENCING AUG. 1933
£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE.
ADDED AWARD OF SEASON TICKET
for all winners registered for "John Bull's" free weekly Crossword Gazette by closing date—providing 80 free entry forms for "John Bull's" Crossword—Registration coupon on "Bullets" page
VALUE £2

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £150

TWO of our great 3-in-1 Holiday Prizes have been won outright, one by an Ebbw Vale entrant and the other by a Stoke Newington competitor—and there is no reason why a similar victory should not be yours in the contest launched to-day.

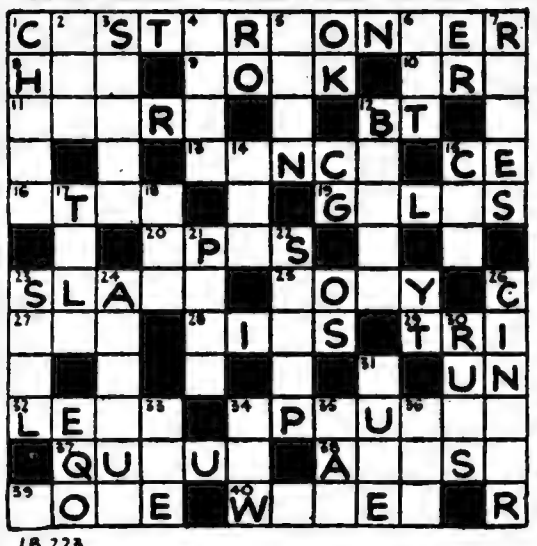
Is it not worth a quiet hour's concentration to capture a 20s. weekly Life Pension, £200 Cash and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life?

Should you just miss the First—well, remember that the handsome sum of £250 is to be divided among the Runners-up as indicated above.

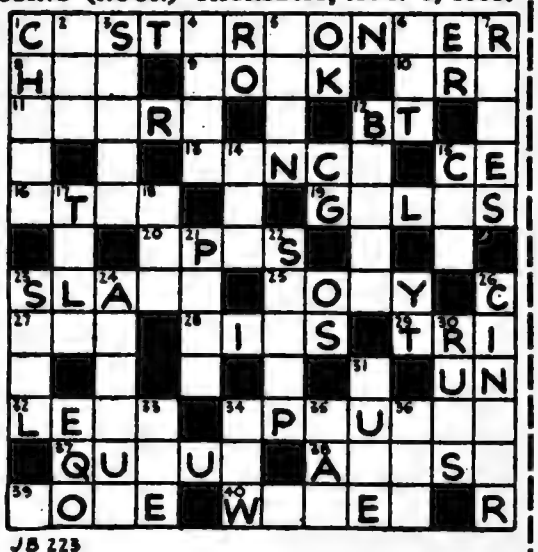
Whether or not you are able to pack up and leave for an August Holiday, make sure that your Crossword entry leaves for Long Acre in time to win a prize—it must be there by noon, Thursday, August 3.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 20s. a week, a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly, and £200 cash (or a lump sum of £500 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 10, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 17, 1933.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 223—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 3, 1933.



JB 223



JB 223

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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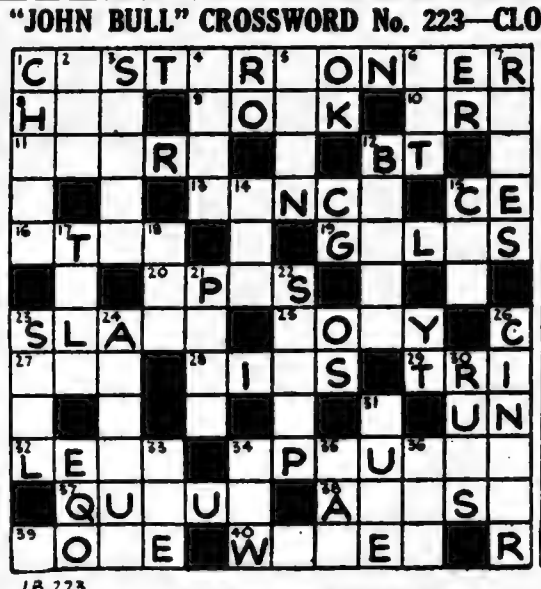
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 223—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 3, 1933.



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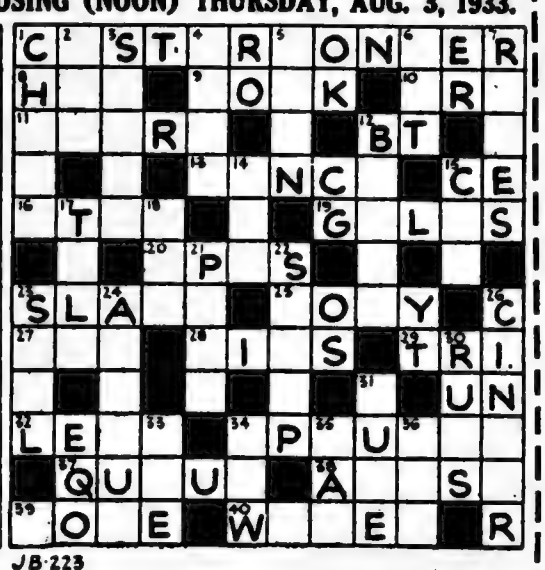


JB 223

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing five Squares, cut coupons out separately, and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLUES ACROSS

1. A street hawker
8. Upper part of the thigh
9. Glance
10. An age
11. Clock that awakens
13. From that time
16. One pace
19. Fêtes
20. Imitates
23. Slab for writing upon
25. Comfortable
27. Contraction of "over"
28. Snob puts on these
29. Prefix meaning three
32. Opposite of "right"
34. What the tub-thumper did
37. You stand and wait in this
38. Rise up
39. Undermines the land
40. Are received and despatched by business firm

CLUES DOWN

1. Order often comes out of
2. Makes machinery run smoothly
3. Essential when planting trees
4. Stately trees
5. Makes stars seem less bright
6. Obtain
7. Form gives information about these
12. Are open to receive food at the Zoo
14. Is natural when you're frozen out
15. Is at its best when purring
17. Basis of this may be just common clay
18. A small lump of butter
21. Is often dried before use
22. Can usually be turned into cash
23. Helps man to produce things of beauty
24. What baby becomes, on growing older
26. Left when coal's burnt
30. Regrets
31. Describes right medicine's effect
33. Golfer starts from this
34. Stitch
35. Boatman rows with this
36. Contraction of "it is"

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 3, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit **TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS**, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than **TWO ENTRY FORMS** from this page, plus **TWO** from "**Crossword Gazette.**" Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 17, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 29, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 223, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

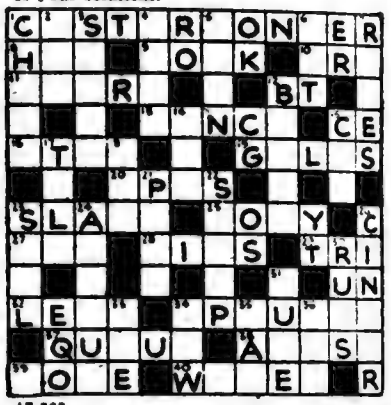
JB 223

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 221.

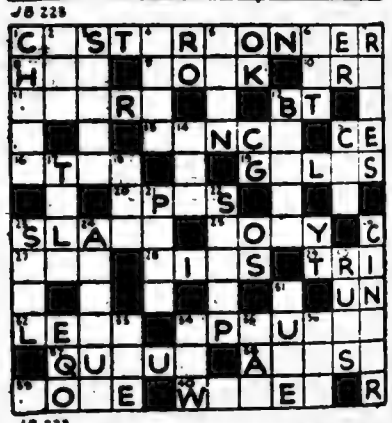
Winners in 229 on page 16. Result of 221 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 221 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB 223



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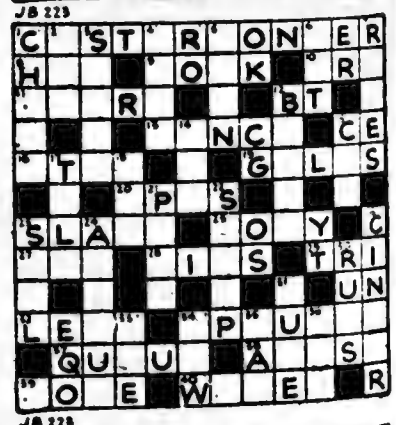
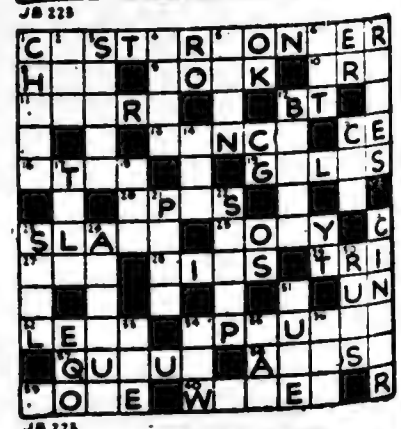


JB 223



JB 223

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs Last

ERNIE: by *Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey*

Charlie P. (Leytonstone).—"To pitch a tent correctly needs skill and concentration." We saw a camper recently and he was positively wrapped up in his task.

SAMUEL (Durham). — "We had my wife's mother for lunch on Sunday." That's interesting. We had chops.

T. H. (Tooting).—"To be a member of a good tennis club costs some money." It's the doubles that does it.

M. D. (Folkestone).—"A man is as old as he feels." And a woman as old as she likes.

C. C. (Longfield).—"What is this thing called Love?" The eleventh word on a telegram.

G. L. (Fleetwood).—"What are the crimes punishable by death?" Murder, high treason and pedestrianism.

R. S. (Westbourne Park).—"We have just had an addition to our family." Will it use a lipstick or a safety-razor?

HAROLD (Mansfield).—"What should I get on a one-valve set?" About five shillings.

D. H. (Mayfair).—"A good bowler improves a man's appearance." Except the batsman's, these days.

G. N. (Hull).—"A shrewd business man can always mask his facial expression." So can a shrewd golf caddie.

P. G. (Doncaster).—"Has it ever been discovered what makes men go grey sooner than women?" Don't you mean who?

T. M. (Colchester).—"I have thoroughly mastered the art of telling a short story." Which enables you to get a loan?

D. M. (Lewes).—"I can't close my eyes at night, my nerves are so bad." Try boxing. That might keep them closed for several nights.

ELSIE (Ealing).—"I am unapproachable as a dancer." Poor little wallflower.

E. P. (Exeter).—"Some people put their soul into everything they do." Others merely put their foot in.

R. J. M. (London, W.).—"A Calcutta fakir is giving up snake-charming to get married." Well, of course, he knows best.

CLERK (Newnham).—"Women are no good at sums." But they count.

S. S. (Whaddon).—"Which is the shortest day?" Quarter day.

G. F. (London, W.).—"At my job I get £5 a day." Friday?

CRICKETER (Manchester).—"What is worse than bodyline bowling?" The books on bodyline bowling.

H. J. (Ayr).—"Time is the great healer." But any woman will tell you it's not much good as a beauty doctor.

FEMINIST (Girton). — "It was Queen Elizabeth who started making this country what it is." Well, it's too late to begin blaming her now.

T. B. (Cottenham). — "What woman is capable of taking entire charge of anything?" Ask your dad.

J. J. L. (Swanage). — "What is success?" Very often it is failure with a fresh coat of paint.

F. O. P. (King's Cross). — "Thousands of girls are gold-diggers pure and simple." Not so simple.

G. A. M. (Plymouth).—"Talk is cheap." Let's see. What's 600 M.P.s at £360 a year?

T. J. (Glasgow). — "I have not slept for days." We also sleep at night.

D. Y. (Carlisle).—"My wife and I run a joint banking account." We know. You pay in and she draws out.

T. H. (Newmarket).—"I expected the horse I backed to walk home, a winner." But you did, a loser?

J. L. (Vauxhall).—"What do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?" Sticky!

G. R. (Dover).—"Practically any man can lead a girl to the altar." And that's where the leading ends.

C. V. (St. Albans).—"A really pretty girl is always surrounded by men." Except when she's selling flags.

W. S. (Anstruther).—"Men with £5,000 a year are easily depressed." But what is a little depression compared with £5,000 a year?

ACTOR (Brixton).—"The author, producer and entire company of one of the latest plays remain anonymous." The cowards.

C. R. (Kensington).—"To ensure the return of Russian diplomats, their wives are kept at home." But Russia always was a queer country.

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"I always give my office-boy ice-cream when he is working in the summer." If your office-boy is like most of them, it doesn't cost you very much.

K. L. (Ambleside).—"Many young men at the seaside are terribly conceited about their looks." They evidently think they are personal answers to the Maiden's Prayer.

K. A. (Southampton).—"Ants will not come near the hands in gardening if rubbed with a piece of raw onion." But how do you get the pests to stand still while the onion is being applied?

G. M. (Totnes).—"The most important problem of to-day is to get the modern woman to take an interest in babies." Perhaps somebody will invent a combined cocktail-shaker and cradle-rocker.

M. R. (Liverpool).—"We are so overrun with mice that one night we actually thought the noise made was due to burglars." Even ardent prison reformers would agree that that was a case for the cat.

C. M. (Birmingham).—"We have hundreds of pubs in this town and I have never been in one of them." Which one is that?

PSYCHOLOGIST (St. Andrews).—"Seven out of every ten women have a pet aversion." And the other three, given a chance, would marry, too.

K. I. D. (Kilburn).—"I have just had a fortnight's holiday at Brighton, and feel as fresh as the sea." And as stony as the beach?

MISS R. D. (Bournemouth).—"The latest bathing costumes are poems." One we saw recently was more like a two-line verse.

A. G. M. (Putney).—"Few millionaires really enjoy themselves." Set them a good example by sending a good *Bullet*. There's £1,500 and a Millionaire's Holiday Week-end awaiting you overleaf.

V. A. W. (Kenyon).—"I am so thin that I hardly dare appear in public wearing a bathing costume." Why, are you afraid of slipping through it?

T. G. (Bicester).—"In China, books are printed back to front." Chinese women are probably the only ones in the world who read books front to back.

D. C. (London, N.).—"Although I am only a woman, I get the salary of a sales manager in a big business house." We don't doubt it, dear lady. When did you marry him?

B. E. T. (Idle).—"I do wish every girl would realise that as long as she has a kind heart it doesn't matter a jot what her face looks like." Yes; but people can't see her heart.

V. F. (Rochester).—"The brightness of the day is affected by the clothes one wears." For instance, if we go out wearing goloshes, a macintosh, and carrying an umbrella, the sun shines.

W. K. (Berwick).—"Business is in a state of chaos, unemployment is higher than it has ever been, taxes are ruinous and war is at hand." And to think that people feel sorry for remote Icelanders who don't know what is going on in the world.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

MABEL (Derby).—"The girl next door has returned from her holidays as brown as a berry." And you're just green with envy?

WORRIED (Belfast).—"My right leg is shorter than the left, causing me to limp. What would you do in a case of this kind?" We should limp, too.

P. B. (Wembley).—"I am aiming at a gramophone which plays three dozen records at one winding." We know that feeling and hope you hit it.

G. G. (Skegness).—"There is something of pathos, I think, in pealing bells carried over the water." And in peeling belles carrying on by the sad sea waves.

S. N. (Brighton).—"I always stick to my winter underwear in the summer." Most men stick to their summer underwear in the summer.

C. M. (Swansea).—"It is a bit embarrassing when a woman tells you what she thinks of you." It is more embarrassing still when she tells others what she thinks of you.

G. E. (Wandsworth).—"The dreadful sounds we sometimes hear over the radio are caused by sun-spots." We heard one sun-spot recently that was a soprano and another that was a tenor.

R. M. (Hereford).—"When a girl is engaged, nobody can make her believe all men are alike." And when she's been married a few years, nobody can make her believe they are not.

F. F. (Wantage).—"My mates think my wife takes all my wages and just gives me a little pocket-money, but that's ridiculous." Why; doesn't she give you any pocket-money?

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

INDIGESTION BREEDS GASTRIC ULCERS.

New Formula Brings Instant Relief.

If you suffer from any form of indigestion, wind, heartburn, fullness after eating, sickness or pain of any kind, take steps to put matters right at once. A sick stomach often leads to dangerous gastric and duodenal ulcers.

And even if, through past neglect, you are already suffering from long-standing stomach ulcer you can obtain immediate relief and eventually be cured if you follow the example of Doctors and Hospitals all over England and use the Maclean Formula.

Now you can get all the benefits of this formula, packed ready for your own use, as Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It will give you rapid relief from your agony and free you from present and future danger.

Whatever kind of indigestion you suffer from, you ought to try this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once. Any chemist can supply it, but be sure to ask for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

A LOVELY SKIN starts within!

By preventing the body wastes from poisoning the blood, VEGETINE PILLS ensure that energy and vigour go tingling through your veins to electrify your whole system with life and vitality. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

VEGETINE

1/3 PER BOX BRAND **PILLS**

F. NEWBERY & SONS, LTD., Dept. B, 33, Banner Street, London, E.C. 1

A FREE OFFER

The New Elasto Treatment, which is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles and kindred ailments, is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan. A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

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Brand PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

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Graves 'FLIGHT' Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 8/2 now & 14 monthly payments of 8/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles

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EARN BIG MONEY SELLING STOCKINGS

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS—DOUBLE YOUR INCOME! STOCK GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE! NO CAPITAL REQUIRED! No experience necessary. YOU can earn a substantial income regularly each week. Our Offer of FREE STOCK—GUARANTEES SUCCESS! Write Dept. J.B., SARTOR Mfg. Co., Derby St., MANCHESTER.

£2 STOCK GIVEN FREE

FREE SAMPLE OF SHAVEX

Every reader who cuts out the Coupon in the Shavex advt. on the Back Cover and attaches to it his name and address together with a 2d. stamp to cover postage, etc., will receive a Free Sample of Shavex—the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving! Send for *your* Sample now!

UNSEEN PERILS of the Seaside

WAVES gently lapping the shore; a brilliant sun turning the sand to gold; children paddling: all is calm and peace. These are the joys we like to associate with the seaside—but how suddenly can joy be changed to drama!

Only recently the collapsible canoe in which a reader was sailing in Douglas Bay, Isle of Man, capsized, drowning the occupant, Mr. D. H. Rolleston, of 5, Fairlight Avenue, Woodford Green, Essex. To his widow JOHN BULL has sent a cheque for £110, which sum includes the 10 per cent. Bonus to which every reader registered for three months or more at the time of the accident is entitled.

The Ever-Present Protector.

JOHN BULL not only makes provision for the holiday dangers of boating and bathing, but also continues to safeguard the home you have left behind unprotected.

Burglars are not slow to mark an empty house! If the house next door catches fire—what about the danger to your own home? How would you feel if you returned to find your home had been seriously damaged in a thunderstorm?

At home or away, JOHN BULL is your ever-present protector and guardian, always ready to help when trouble comes. If *you* have not yet registered for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance, do so on the forms below at once.

Holiday Concession.

If you are going away during August Bank Holiday, this is a point to remember. Registered Readers of JOHN BULL will continue to be covered by this, the greatest of all Free Family Insurances, while holiday-making anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days The only condition is that in the event of a claim arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular Newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND SICKNESS BENEFITS.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 29/7/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 29/7/33

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D
Cash the Coupons

DOCTOR FORBIDS *his* WORLD CRUISE

But £3,000 Consoles Winner

FOR an invalid to be ordered a long sea voyage by his doctor is common enough, but here is a different story indeed.

The winner of our World Cruise for Two in s.s. *Empress of Britain* is an invalid. And his doctor advises that for him to take such a cruise would be incurring grave risks.

Ever since he was a child, tall young Mr. Harcliffe Eva, 6, Headland Road, Newquay, Cornwall, has been delicate. His parents had hoped that, when he left school, the open-air life on their farm would build up his health. But this was not to be.

Barred from strenuous games and most outdoor amusements, never caring for other entertainments besides music, Mr. Eva determined to make his way in the world of competitions. And he has done it.

His mother was his "Bullets" critic

Putting in an occasional half-hour on *Bullets* when farm work permitted, he secured 2s. 6d., a number of "Targets" and a Turkey.

Then, when he and his sister went to live at Newquay early this year, he tackled his quest for a big prize more seriously. The result was a £2 10s. prize some weeks ago, a substantial cheque from *Passing Show*—and now the *Bullets* First Prize telegram!

"You have won a Trip Round the World for Two, £1,000 cash and a £4 Weekly Life Pension—or £3,000 cash"—those were its words which gave Mr. Eva the biggest thrill of his life and made his mother, and critic, the proudest woman in Cornwall.

"I'm bitterly disappointed my health won't allow me to take the World Tour," Mr. Eva told our representative. "I've had a consultation with my doctor and his verdict is definitely against it. So I am accepting the £3,000 cash instead."

Then he went on to recall how he fitted together his telling and timely reminder that a world of unbending nations will never round the bend to prosperity—ROUND THE WORLD—"BENDING"—WORLD ROUNDING BEND.

"When I first saw the *Example* ROUND THE WORLD," he said, "I decided to try treating it in the 'Echoing the *Example*' style of which I had read in *Bullets Bulletin*.

'I could not get those words as I wanted them at first, although I tried them this way and that.

"Then, some hours later, I tackled the problem in bed before going to sleep. And before I put out the light that night, I'd got it.

"I attribute my success," Mr. Eva concluded, "to careful study of winning lines and *Bullets Bulletin*, perseverance and faith in the judges."

That, we may add, is the recipe which may well bring you a £1,500 telegram on Friday, August 25; follow Mr. Eva to the top of the *Bullets* prize-list with a coupon from the opposite page!

HIS £3,000 TIP

A tip which he noticed in his weekly copy of *Bullets Bulletin* enabled Mr. H. Eva, of Newquay, to win £3,000.

"I carefully study *Bullets Bulletin every week*," he says, "because it gives one definite advice to work upon."

That advice cost Mr. Eva one halfpenny weekly, just the bare cost of postage. For *Bullets Bulletin* itself is free. Your weekly copy will begin arriving each Thursday as soon as we receive from you the reservation coupon on opposite page. Post it to-night!

50 BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE, £750 AND £30 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE —OR £1,000 CASH

Sgt. E. CAREY, 1st Battn. H.L.I., G4., M.Q., South Front, Citadel Barracks, Dover.

Example:—BY THE STREAM
Bullet:—"MILLSTONE" FLOATS GENTLY AWAY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. H. SULLIVAN, Glenecairn, Wingletye Lane, Hornchurch, Essex.
Example: Busy Factory
Bullet: Can't Hear Yourself *Sing*.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. H. LITTLE, 35, Kent Road, Ford, Devonport, Plymouth.
Example: When I'm Out
Bullet: Hope "Innings" Inspires Sonny.

FOURTH PRIZE £15:

Mr. A. DARBY, 47, Forest Road, Dalton, Huddersfield.
Example: "Phew!"
Bullet: Exclaimed Nudist, Removing Monocle!

FIFTH PRIZE £10:

Mr. W. E. FARMER, 8, Birkbeck Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
Example: Heard By The Sea
Bullet: Siren—Dad Dropped Spade.

5 OF £5 EACH:

S. ELSTON, 20, Ashburnham Gardens, Upminster.
Snatched Away—Death's Hand, Deft Fingers.

J. JOHNSTONE, 30, Dalrymple Street, Liverpool.
Rescuing Britannia—National Instinct—Not Government.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

H. McADOO, Pumping Station, Welbeck, C.V. Mansfield.
Rescuing Britannia—Taxpayer—Then Taxpayer, Wife.

Mrs. A. M. MILLIE, 8, Maxwell Street, Edinburgh.
Lost Sheep—Harshly Punished, Becoming "Wolf."

J. SUTTON, 1, Parrott Street, Clayton, Manchester.
Snatched Away—Precious Sleep, "Precious" Awakening.

5 OF £4 EACH:

C. BARBER, 237, Coldham's Lane, Cambridge.
Made Her Dry Up—Asking Gossip For "Source."

J. E. DUGGAN, 20, Houghend Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester.
Thing Of Beauty—Stag's Head—On Stag.

N. J. FISHLOCK, 112, Godstone Road, Purley, Surrey.
By The Stream—Agitator Emits. "Reeds Swayed."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

E. T. MORTON, Holmlea, Balerno, Midlothian.
By The Stream—I'm "Reminded Of Her."

L. SUTCLIFFE, 4, West Parade, Halifax.
Up At Dawn—"Day" I'm Given "Break."

5 OF £3 EACH:

C. E. ALLEN, Preston Candover, Basingstoke.
Lost Sheep—Politicians—They're "Penning" Us.

P. MERCER, 99, Maidenway Road, Paignton, Devon.
Lost Sheep—Gets Insomnia, Counting Reformers!

Mrs. L. M. SIMON, 5, Colborne Road, Guernsey, C.I.
Nervously—"It's Landlady's Soap, Mummy!"

Miss N. M. THOMAS, 12, Penlan Road, Treboeth, Swansea.
The Rain Stopped And—Sister's "Caveman" Arrived!

J. L. WILLIAMS, 22, Glynne Street, Connah's Quay, Chester.
When Dad Went Swimming—*Costume* Objected To *Corporation*!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A list of 10 £2 10s., 20 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

RECORD August Holiday Offer... Prizes Value Over £2,000

£1,500
FINE 2-IN-1 SECOND PRIZE
£100 CASH plus
FINE 2-IN-1 THIRD PRIZE
£50 CASH plus
FINE 2-IN-1 FOURTH PRIZE
£25 CASH plus
FINE 2-IN-1 FIFTH PRIZE
£20 CASH plus
MONSTER BULLETS FIRST... PLUS
10 PRIZES OF £6
10 PRIZES OF £3
75 PRIZES OF 12/6
MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY WEEK-END FOR TWO
Each of the five chief winners in this contest will be invited to enjoy a millionaire's holiday week-end for two at any seaside, country or London hotel. For this accommodation "John Bull" will pay.... first class return tickets to the chosen resort will also be provided, plus £5 cash for entertainments, motor trips, etc.
IF PREFERRED, AN EXTRA £25 CASH MAY BE TAKEN IN PLACE OF THIS HOLIDAY AWARD

100 Holiday Prizes in Enormous August Offer!

BEFORE you to-day is the finest list of August Holiday Prizes ever offered in *Bullets* or any other competition. A fortune of £1,500 and a Millionaire's Holiday Week-end for Two—that is JOHN BULL's colossal 2-in-1 First Prize which eclipses all August offers of the past.

Following this Giant First comes an array of other substantial cheques, the Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Prizes being also augmented by a Millionaire's Holiday Week-end for Two.

Thus at a time which brings holiday leisure to many, a record contest to decide the winners of 100 *Bullets* Holiday Prizes awaits your attention.

Get busy on your *Bullets* to-day, see that they are in by Saturday, August 12, and one of the most thrilling First Prize telegrams of the year may be yours.

HOW YOU CAN WIN

To make a *Bullet* you have merely to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to any of the *Examples* to form an apt and original comment.

To give you an idea of how to go to work, suppose you select the *Example* BRITANNIA'S SHOP; your first thought might well be, *Losing Money Whilst Politicians Talk.* This you could improve to the finished *Bullet*, BRITANNIA'S SHOP—EMPTY WHILE POLITICIANS "BARGAINING."

By studying carefully the winning *Bullets* printed on the opposite page you will soon recognise the style which brings success.

Any of the ideas expressed in these winners might well have occurred to you and you could just as well have hit upon the words employed. Begin work on your *Bullets*, fit your words together with care and common-sense, and there is no reason why you should not win a huge cheque and a Millionaire's Week-end for Two.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S SHOP
WILLING HANDS
THE PUBLIC
CAUGHT IN THE STORM
TO SETTLE THE DEBT
BIT OF A BOTHER
OTHER COUNTRIES
DIVIDED
BEST REMEDY
BEGINS AT HOME
HEATED WORLD
ENDS IN DISASTER
SOMETHING SNAPPED AND
JUSTICE
PANIC ON THE BEACH
SILENT WITNESS
ROOM FOR MORE
THE MONEY PROBLEM
MAKES ME FEEL DIZZY
FIRMLY
TURN FOR THE BETTER
COMES AND GOES
SPORT OF KINGS
NEVER RESTS
CHAMPIONS
CROWNING GLORY
HIS LIVING
CHANGED TO GOLD
SOLLY'S HOLIDAY
WHILE THE SUN SHINES
BEATEN
LIKE SHEEP
DIFFERENT MATTER
NOW IT'S ALL OVER
FOR SAFETY
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £4, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 904 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £3,000 chosen by the First Prize-winner in No. 899 will be displayed in the window of Lambert's Library, 5, Fore Street, Newquay.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 904, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Make Your Entry on These Big Coupons

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(904) Closing SAT., Aug. 12 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(904) Closing SAT., Aug. 12 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(904) Closing SAT., Aug. 12 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(904) Closing SAT., Aug. 12 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

B·D·V EXPANDING SUITCASE

150 COUPONS

Nickelled expanding clasps, two locks with safety catches. Dotted line shows expanded size.
Firm all-metal handle (patented) on swivels, which automatically centres itself to balance weight as case is expanded.
Fine quality fibre with metal reinforced frames and metal corner protectors, canvas lined, weatherproof finish
GIFT No. N477

Everyone needs an expanding suitcase, and now everyone can have the very latest type—free. This splendid case measures 24" x 15" x 7¼" when it is fully compressed, and expands to 24" x 15" x 9½", light yet strong, beautifully finished inside and out. It is yours for 150 B.D.V. coupons, or **130 only if you cut out and include the voucher below.**

B. D. V. cigarettes have been famous for thirty years. They have satisfied the most critical smokers. They will satisfy you. Change to-day to B.D.V.

No matter how many coupons you find in a packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than ONE B. D. V. COUPON.

smoke **BDV** cigarettes

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

BDV FREE VOUCHER

20 COUPONS

Available only for Expanding Suitcase N477.

Only one voucher can be accepted towards any one gift.

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., Proprietors.

G.25. 29/7/33

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., PROPRIETORS.

CHANGE TO DAY TO B D V AND GET THE GIFT YOU WANT FREE

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, hurling Shavex, it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed and while my face was still moist, I smeared Shavex over it and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method—Shavex is marvellous. Since I have used Shavex, everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6D 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

WONDERFUL REDUCTION

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Of all Chemists and Stores.

ONE BLADE GUARANTEED FOR SEVEN SHAVES

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. S11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps fine, smooth and beautiful.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. ***This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.***

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

It is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price, 6d., instead of 1s. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

MADAM DU BARRY.

Du Barry was the mistress of Louis XVth. She was noted for her beautiful complexion and vitality. She was only a commoner when Count du Barry fell in love with her, and he afterwards got her to beguile Louis XVth, usurping the position of La Pompadour. Her glorious complexion—which bewitched the King—was made beautiful with another material to those which are used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Du Barry was guillotined during the French Revolution.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL Co., Ltd. (Dept. S14)

40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19

62 B.15 Singapore

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